JOHN BULL, MAY 16, 1925. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVII. No. 989. SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1925. TWOPENCE.

STERLING
"LILLIPUT" HEADPHONES
for
STERLING RESULTS
At all Radio Dealers

40 PAGES
OVER 950,000 NET PAID SALES

1000 Prizes for CROSS-WORDS
— See page 28

My Plan to Raise Wages

by HENRY FORD
(The American Millionaire)

TO TAKE CORNS OUT SO THAT THEY DON'T COME BACK

When sore, tired, tender feet ache like ulcerated teeth, and when callouses, smarting, burning, chafing, excessive perspiration, or other foot afflictions make life miserable, just soak your feet in "Saltrates" water, prepared as explained below, and then see how quickly you can bid all the torture a final good-bye.

Miss **Phyllis Monkman,** the Musical Comedy Actress, writes:
"It is wonderful for tired, tender, aching feet, or any other foot troubles. The medicated and oxygenated water has the same effect as that at famous Spas."

Photo: Wrather & Buys.

The business end of a corn is the little pointed part, or core, that extends down into the toe. That is what hurts when it presses on sensitive nerves and it is the part you have to get out. Cutting the top off an aching tooth wouldn't stop the ache. Same way with a corn. Don't worry about the top. Get after the **root,** by using a good handful of refined **Reudel Bath Saltrates,** dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water. This will make a highly ***medicated*** and ***oxygenated*** foot-bath, reproducing the soothing, healing and antiseptic qualities of the waters of famous Continental Spas. Actors, actresses, dancers, soldiers, boxers and others to whom sound, healthy feet are an absolute necessity, say this "Saltrates" water offers the one quick, safe, convenient, and never-failing means of permanently curing any form of foot misery.
The following are only a few of the well-known people who have thus written us:—
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Mr. **Leslie Henson,** the famous Comedian, writes:
"Avert a calamity by sending a fresh supply of Reudel Bath Saltrates. Have run right out of them. For refreshing and soothing tired, aching feet, it is the best thing I know. Hurry Up!"

Leslie Henson

THE ORIGINAL — THE YELLOW PACKET

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

MORE THAN A BATH SALT

Reudel Bath Saltrates is sold by all chemists everywhere, prices being only 2 - a half pound and 3 3 a pound. Satisfaction is guaranteed every user or money back immediately and without question.
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World's Finest Value. 1 pr All-Wool Blankets; 1 pr White Fleecy Blankets; 1 pr Unbleached Twill Sheets; 2 White Pillow Cases; 1 White Bolster Case; 1 Alhambra Quilt; 1 Lovely Wadded Quilt. All double bed size. £4 : 10 : 0

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ALL SIZES.

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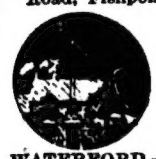

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J.B. 16/5/25.

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P. 1189

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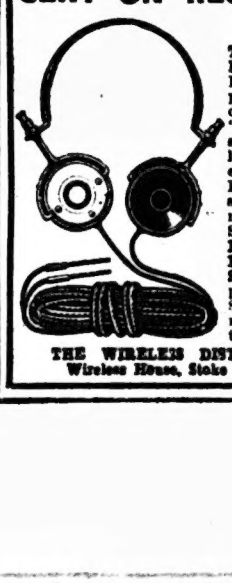

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ATTRACTIVE cash offers appear in the Shredded Wheat advt. Shredded Wheat is the most appetising, nourishing and economical breakfast of all. See page 27.

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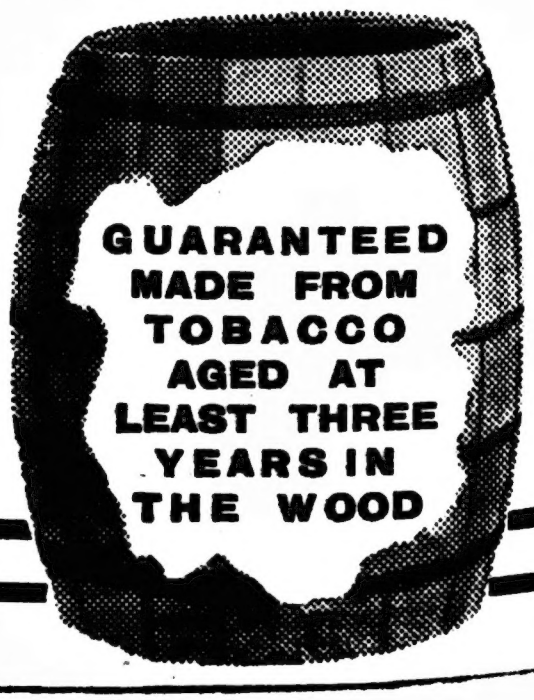

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Vol. XXXVII. No. 919.
Week ending Saturday,
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For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

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Special Articles by:

The WORLD, *the* FLESH & *the* DEVIL

No Recommendation.
Ministers are busy telling the country that they have already done wonders. Political bouquets look far prettier when they are not self-handed.

Budget and Bosh.
Mr. Churchill has incurred the enmity of the Tory Press by his silk tax; he keeps the balance by insulting the unemployed. Meanwhile we're waiting for an exhibition of sound statesmanship from any side. It isn't apparent yet.

How It Will Work.
Last year we imported 5,954,869 lb. of natural silk and 10,526,063 lb. of artificial. As the tax is put on weight, the poorest pay. As usual.

Spilling the Beans.
Exports of machinery for the first three months of 1925 amounted to 128,517 tons, as against 103,839 tons in the same period last year, facts withheld by the preachers of pessimism. But the figures are official and indisputable.

Healthy Growth.
Last year made a record for building societies. The total sum invested was £110,000,000, and the number of investors reached 1,000,000. It's a hopeful sign.

Where's the "Depression"?
Company reports issued this quarter show industrial profits steadily rising. Only 5 per cent. are below the inflated profits of 1920. Can it be that greed, and not "foreign competition," is the cause of shouts of "ruin"?

Where Lancashire Leads.
Lancashire, with 469 heads of poultry per 100 acres, has nearly three times the average of the whole of Britain. Other counties, copy. We need home-grown food.

The Way to Do It.
German industry cuts costs by pulling together. Now two British firms by pooling their resources have kept for British workmen a £100,000 pipe-line contract. United we stand, divided we fall.

Peace Prospects.
Rhondda miners are revolting against tendering notices on the non-union question. On all sides directors are meeting men with proposals for continuing on a co-operative basis. Desperation may yet bring unity where prosperity failed.

A Doleful Policy.
"A great effort" is promised to bring down the number on insurance pay to 800,000. Since the Government is doing nothing to increase employment, this can only mean hundreds of thousands starving or on the rates. Where's the saving—or the humanity?

A Lesson for Profiteers.
Glasgow housewives are organising to fight the food profiteers, and at the mere hint of "direct action" prices have begun to fall. Consumers have an enormous power in their hands if only they can be persuaded to use it. Scotland leads.

A Debt Redeemed.
It is going to cost the Manchester Corporation £250,000 to keep its promises to employees who joined up during the war. Widows of those who gave their lives will also benefit. We are getting on.

Entente Cordiale.
U.S.A. and Canada are celebrating one hundred and ten years of perfect peace. Between them runs a line of three thousand miles of land whereon is neither gun nor soldier. If you want peace, prepare for peace. You'll get it.

No Votes for Women.
France has turned down with no uncertain voice votes for French women. When militarism is in the foreground, justice for women recedes. It is a striking object-lesson.

Boer Turned Briton.
General Hertzog has at last pronounced in favour of South African adhesion to the British Empire. It's wonderful how a year in office improves one's sense of proportion.

We Wonder.
London and Parisian papers are hard at work persuading the public that Hindenburg's election is a defeat for the Soviet. But is it? Wait and see.

Cornering Crime.
A big effort will shortly be made to give the C.I.D. full control of murder cases throughout the country. We support such a move.

A Bad Start.
There are 3,000 unemployed juveniles in Liverpool who draw £100 "dole-money" a week. Has it never struck the Corporation that the money could best be spent in keeping them at school?

"John Bull" pays
107 More Insurance Benefits.
Total now 16,093.

A Way They Have In——
The general director of a bread factory has been sentenced to eight months' hard labour, and fined 10,000,000 shillings for profiteering. But that was in Vienna, and the shillings were Austrian. Here we complain, and do—nothing.

Another Land Lack.
Drainage of British farm lands has not progressed during the past fifteen years. It is hopeless to expect paying crops without it—and keep men idle while vital work waits.

Sunshine in Coast Town.
Owing to extensive building schemes Worthing reports an end of local unemployment. The Town Council sees "no necessity" for preparing relief schemes against next winter. What Worthing can do other towns could.

Let it be Done.
With warm weather we are promised unprecedented plagues of mosquitoes and other poisonous insects. Thorough cleaning of ponds and ditches would prevent it, besides providing work for unemployed. Why not set them to it?

Juries Best.
The Mid-Durham Mines Inspection Board, a workers' body, has passed a resolution to the effect that in all cases of fatal accident a jury should be summoned. Such a tribute to the jury system is an effective answer to shallow criticism.

How London Lives.
Fifty-five per cent. of the people of London live in two-roomed tenements. In one small area cleared there were 1,700 applications for twelve dwellings. The "greatest city in the world" should lose no time in ridding her citizens of their shame.

A Text for a Sermon.
A down-and-out old man named Patrick Quinn was charged before the Rev. H. Copley, one of the Ilkeston magistrates, with begging for bread. The reverend gentleman gave the vagrant seven days, forgetting the condemnation contained in the text: "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?"

Fair, Please.
Some of the aged conductors on the L.C.C. tramcars work until they drop because they have no pension on retirement. It was proposed that they should contribute 5 per cent. of their wages so as to become entitled to £2 a week at the age of sixty-five. The Council contributed nothing to this farcical "pension" scheme. A fair pension for the fare-collectors is long overdue.

Our Appeal for a Murderer.
Patrick Callaghan will not die in jail. Our efforts on his behalf have had a speedy reward, and Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary, has now expressed his willingness to license Callaghan for discharge, provided he has some guarantee as to his future. The many readers who have supported our campaign will be glad to hear its happy sequel.

Problems of Life.

The Self-Centred

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

WE all know, sometimes only too well, the kind of person whose thoughts appear to be mainly occupied with his own interests.

In a recent article I tried to show that there is a sense in which this is legitimate and right.

The only character, the only personality, over which one has an immediate and certainly effective control, is one's own. By the thoughts we think and the deeds we do we are making ourselves better or baser every moment we live.

We all have power over other lives too, some more, some less, but nothing like the power that each individual has over himself and his destiny.

It is, therefore, to our highest interest to see that this power is vigilantly and honestly exercised.

NO man who respects and deals faithfully with himself can fail of doing his best by others also. As our greatest national dramatist wisely says:

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

But, unfortunately, the lower kind of self-interest is far more commonly in evidence, and in some men it seems to leave no room for anything else.

Sometimes it is concealed, as when a person who designs to make use of you to further his own advantage will begin by appealing to your vanity.

Beware of the flatterer: he may be laughing at you behind your back, and his real feeling for you is contempt if he succeeds.

SOMETIMES, on the other hand, selfish motives are so blatant, so offensively open, that we cannot help recognising them for what they are: they thrust themselves at us in all their naked hideousness and hatefulness.

The person who is chiefly preoccupied with himself seldom sees his actions as they would appear to right-minded people: he is blinded by his self-love.

A sorrowing family placed a notice on their door asking would-be callers to refrain from knocking, as their beloved mother was at the point of death. This did not prevent a miscreant from forcing his way into the house to try to sell tickets for an entertainment he was getting up as an advertisement for his business.

Moral obtuseness such as this is the cause of more anguish to human hearts than almost any other evil in the world.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Heroes All.

The story of how the British steamship *Ribera*, its crew stricken with fever, made its way from Delagoa Bay to Singapore without mishap, deserves to rank with Kipling's "Ballad of the Bolivar" among the epics of the sea. It doesn't need wars to keep British heroism alive.

A Short Way Wanted.

For aiding and abetting in the exposure of tubercular meat which he intended to sell for human food, John Richmond, farmer and dealer, of Thame, has been fined. In all he must pay £41. A smart sentence, but what a pity it stops there. Those prepared to infect the public with disease germs should have all liberty to trade removed.

Fenced Ring, not Wedding Ring.

"A ring fence must be put round mental defectives," Mr. S. Wormald, of Leeds, has told the Yorkshire Association for Mental Welfare, "and the State must prevent their marriage and procreation." As JOHN BULL has said. Only when the problem of unfit parents is tackled will we be saved from the menace of tainted bairns.

Farm Sweating.

The Workers' Union has been investigating agricultural wages. On a farm in South Pembrokeshire they found three young people between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one supporting a widowed mother and two younger children on their combined earnings of 24s. weekly. A monument of domestic virtue—and national neglect!

"Buying" a Man.

Miss Agnes Owen, a well-to-do woman of Kensal Rise, took to live with her Leonard Cole, though she knew he was married. She lavished upon him her property, even that resulting from sale of her jewels. Then, finding herself deserted with a child, she had to apply to magistrates for relief. The criminal folly of sentimental spinsters with money passes common credence and belief. What other treatment *do* such women expect?

A Good Ruling.

Judge Terrell, during the hearing of a case at Folkestone, has laid down the law on reconstruction. To fix water and sink in a bedroom, along with minor gas and electricity alterations, does not turn a floor into a flat, and floors must be let at rents apportioned on the standard rent of the house. A capital test case for tenants to remember when they suspect they are being fleeced.

The Old Buffs.

A manly spirit is that shown by Mr. E. Russell, of 45, Old Ruttington Lane, Canterbury. Mr. Russell is an Old Buff, who is out of work, but he does not, and will not, draw the "dole," though he has no pension. As he says: "What every decent man requires is employment." We hope that this Old Buff will get it. He has shown the same courage in the ordeal of peace that he showed in the campaign of war.

Biters to be Bitten.

Finding that her landlord, Frank Griffin, had turned her out of her house at Birmingham on a plea of needing possession for his own use when he intended to sell it, Mrs. Mary Teale had the spirit to take the case to court. She has been awarded by Judge Amphlett £35 damages. Moreover, it is intended to send papers relating to any further such cases to the Public Prosecutor—a move harassed tenants stand badly in need of.

High-handedness at Hull.

Police authorities at Hull have aroused bitter resentment by barricading the street and entrance to the hotel used as headquarters by the Kingston Rovers football team on their return from victory at Swinton. There were regrettable scenes, not the least being made by persons with just right of entrance and who were not the least interested in football. It is silly actions of this kind that bring law into disrepute.

"The People" makes Sunday the best day of the week.

A Bedroom for Eight.

"A disgrace to civilisation," said Mr. C. J. Haworth, the Batley coroner, protesting that a poor couple, their three daughters (aged fourteen, eleven and nine), and two sons (seventeen and six) should be forced to sleep in one room—along with a babe who died! Is Batley not concerned how its poor live?

Greater Love Hath No Man——

Wilfred Whiting, a Grimsby docker, is a white man understanding the deeper aspects of friendship. Though his own job absolutely depends on strength, he freely offered a transfusion of his life's blood to strengthen his trade union leader, Mr. Bramley. The transfusion was not needed. But the offer is a bright spot in an industrial situation that is often dark enough.

A Warning Example.

While her husband died in the presence only of two little grandchildren, Mrs. Desborough, of Pulloxhill, sat in another room, helplessly intoxicated and singing. Though suffering from acute gastritis, pills and salts had been administered to the dead man. Death from natural causes was the verdict, but censure was administered. The thought of what she has escaped should sober her.

What a Fine Lad.

When a van, on which he was seated as errand lad, crashed into a standard in Southampton Row, London, William Pullock, aged sixteen, was pitched head foremost through the wind screen. In that position, suffering from dreadful cuts and bruises, he managed to strain forward, lift the bonnet and turn off the engine. We wish him a speedy return from hospital. Such resourcefulness foreshadows a useful career.

Rum Doings.

Sharp reprimand was dealt to the police by the presiding magistrate at Sproatley, when William Tindall, an aged and much-respected licensee, was summoned for selling spirit after hours. He had done so only after satisfying himself that there was an urgent case of illness, and after a constable on his beat had been told. Popular sympathy helps to make our police force the most respected in the world. It must not be imperilled by pettifogging persecution of this kind.

Little Acts of Kindness——

On the lonely Coppett Hill, above Goodrich and the Wye, dwells a grizzled, weather-worn ex-veteran of the Birmingham police force, named George Watson. He is poor, but he spends his time in ministering to poorer miners, tramping miles through wind and shine to help them in their troubles. In his four-roomed cottage he keeps one room with bed and meals, an ever-open door for—tramps. Religious? Yes. But religion lived out in this practical fashion commands respect.

A Girl Drudge.

Can a girl of thirteen really have a very bad past? In any case, this was the excuse made by Mrs. Lilian Smith, of Branstone, near Burton-on-Trent, for ill-treating a soldier's little daughter who had been placed in her charge and for whose keep she was paid. Between school-hours the girl worked as a general servant from six in the morning till half-past nine at night, with no time for play. Sometimes she was thrashed with a strap and she was found covered with bruises. Mrs. Smith was merely fined—another case of misplaced magisterial generosity.

Another Pension Achievement.

Mrs. Bufton, of 44, Bridge Street Row West, Chester, mother of the late John O. Bufton, No. W448, Rifleman, King's Liverpool Regiment, died last October, and her pre-war dependent's pension of 14s. 5d. a week died with her. Her eldest daughter asked for the pension to be transferred to her, but this was not admissible within the rules. The matter was then taken up by the Pensions Editor of JOHN BULL, with the consequence that Mr. Bufton, the father of the dead soldier, is to receive this pension of 14s. 5d. a week as from last March, the date when we applied on his behalf.

They Knew the Law.

When young Jim Staveley and Sid Taylor, Greenwich boys in their 'teens, saw an elderly man pocket a purse dropped by a woman they followed him and earned a magistrate's compliments by bringing him to justice. In these days of child waywardness it is a satisfaction to find two who knew the law of "finding." Their parents are to be complimented.

Protection for Charitable.

The Mayor of Finsbury is performing a public service in insisting that full and complete publication be made of all expenses incurred by the running of the Alexandra Day Fund. No charity is better supported, and the public who, from the rich to the poorest, give so generously, have a right to know just how their money goes. It's the hospitals, and hospitals only, that must benefit.

The Firm with a Heart.

Joseph H. Jones, of Totterdown, ran away with a girl and her baby, of which he was the father. Then to provide for them he cashed a cheque for £400 in the name of his firm. Jones was brought to justice, but feeling that he had already suffered cruelly, Messrs. Charles Hill and Sons refused to press the case, and Bristol magistrates placed him on probation. This is giving a man a chance with a vengeance. May Jones justify it.

Overworking Girls.

To work young girls from seven in the morning till four the next morning, with only a brief interval for supper, is a monstrous performance. Messrs. Bennett and Co., confectioners, of Warrington, said the girls worked voluntarily to get the extra money for the holidays. The law, however, does not permit this sort of thing, and Messrs. Bennett had to pay £18 in fines.

A Loathesome Brute.

From time to time we have urged magistrates to treat with greater severity the inhuman monsters who torture helpless dumb creatures. We are glad to see that the Mayor of Durham is acting in the spirit of our appeal in sentencing to three months an unmitigated ruffian named John Clish, of Easington Lane, who bashed a pony over the head with a pitprop till it fell and then struck it over the eye, which burst and was knocked out. It makes one think respectfully of the Mosaic law, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Dog Bails His Master Out.

The magistrate at the North London Police Court has managed to retain his humanity. The other day a dog made its way into the police station, passed along the corridor to the cells and stood scratching and whining outside one of the cells. It was found that his master was inside. When the magistrate heard this, on the principle that a man who is good to his dog is not irretrievably bad, he allowed the man to go.

The Heathen Chinee.

Fong Fum and Fong Pong, two innocent Chinese, were brought up at York the other day, charged with failing to register under the Aliens Act. Fong Fum was fined £10 and Fong Pong was sentenced to one month's imprisonment and recommended for deportation. The artless suggestion of the defence was that these poor fellows, not being able to speak a word of English, had difficulty in understanding the restrictions imposed by the Act. We seem to have heard before of one Ah Sin, who distinguished himself by illicit victories in a game he did not understand.

Silly Sentimentality.

A smooth tongue and pleasant manner were the weapons by means of which Arthur Genfell Williams was at Scarborough proved to have perpetrated a long series of mean frauds upon women. He got money by pretending to secure accommodation for intending overseas visitors. His partner was Mildred Pearce, a young unmarried typist. Williams was sentenced to nine months' hard labour, the chief constable remarking that he found it difficult to understand how women could place themselves so unreservedly in the hands of a stranger. So do we.

Neither Kiddies nor Cattle.

Douglas Seaton & Co., of Liverpool, have been fined a paltry £20 for manufacturing Easter eggs containing bits of glass, lead and sawdust. The Deptford firm who supplied the "waste" state they intended it for cattle fodder. But cattle, poor beasts, do not live on glass, and in their turn they come into market as human food. Did the law not allow prison for these evil-dealers?

Banging the Big Drum.

We are still receiving complaints about Mr. C. Wyatt, who trades as the Acme Drum Company, at 37, Devonshire Street, W.C. A reader, who paid him £16 fifteen months ago, is still waiting for undelivered drums. We have already suggested that a tap on the head with one of his own drum-sticks might accelerate his pace. Perhaps that is why he is so slow about delivering drums and, especially, drum-sticks.

A Specialist in Lingerie.

Mr. T. A. Beckett, 13, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C., "Specialist in Ladies' Lingerie," is certainly very enterprising. A Devon reader sends us a circular from Beckett received unsolicited by his housemaid, a girl of eighteen. With the circular was a sample camisole (with price). The girl does not know how he got her name and address, and it seems very undesirable that girls of this age should be pestered to buy articles at fancy prices.

After the Event.

The hunt for the rascal Henry Gordon Lewin continues. One of our readers, Captain H. MacFarlane, 48, Granville Gardens, and many others, would be glad to hear how it is going on. Before he invested his money he says that he consulted the C.I.D. police and also the branch office of the Westminster Bank, but their reports did not discourage him in his ill-fated investment. His complaint ought to stimulate the police to greater activity.

A Lesson for Blundell's.

Mr. Greaves, of 2, Dunlace Road, Clapton, has taught a lesson to the pushful and very trying firm of John Blundell and Co., of 60 and 62, City Road. A parcel, unordered and unwanted, was delivered at Mr. Greaves' house. He wrote to Blundell's, asking them to take it away. Blundell's wrote back and said, "It is quite impossible to allow you to play fast and loose with our representative when he calls for payment," and threatening further action. Mr. Greaves replied by threatening action himself. Blundell's climbed down and sent for the parcel.

Not a Pious Parson.

Reverends they may be, but not deserving of reverence are ministers who do not live up to the code of morality they preach from the pulpits in the churches, as was the case with Henry Thomas Rainey, whose wife has obtained divorce, and who neglected to keep the commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Once of the Rectory, Bebington, and of another at Knebworth, he is not now entitled to preach in the churches of those parishes or any others. The Church is well rid of such men.

Corrupting Our Schoolboys.

In our campaign against the night clubs one of the points we urged most strongly was that the people who run these places were corrupters of youth. Six boys from Harrow, one of England's greatest public schools, have been sent down, as a sequel to some of them being found in a raid on the notorious Mrs. Merrick's Forty-Three Club in Gerrard Street. Can anything be more abominable than the exploitation of mere boys by night-club harpies, and the crooks and doubtful women who infest these notorious and evil dens?

A One-sided Partnership.

There is a gentleman named Amys B Harper, who runs what he describes as a business bureau and partnership agency at 44, Whitechapel, Liverpool. We do not know what his business is, but we observe that he is sending out broadcast a circular offering for the sum of £1 the name of a horse which, he says, has recently been backed by a small syndicate to win £100,000 on the Derby. This is a good partnership arrangement for Harper, because if the horse loses the syndicate will be hurt, but he will be consoled by the sovereigns he lifts from the mugs who are fools enough to send them to him.

Murdered Girl Emigrant.

Just three months ago, as part of our campaign to protect British youngsters who make their homes in Canada, we demanded an enquiry into the murder of a pretty girl emigrant, Janet Smith, formerly of Borrett Road, Walworth, London, who was found murdered in her employer's house in Vancouver. We drew attention to the fact that a Chinaman, Wong Fung Sing, was at the house at the time of her murder, that her diary showed that he had made her presents, but that he was not arrested or charged. The sequel to our appeal is now universal knowledge. Wong has been arrested and the attention of the whole world is now centred on this astonishing case.

The Human Machine.

Dangerous Details

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

SYSTEM, organisation, the ability to use the mind as one would use a card-index—all these things can be brought about once the ability to concentrate is acquired. The little things can be either sources of the greatest mental irritation

or steps towards the achievement of things really worth while. It all depends on whether the mind is going to be used as a crutch or as a dynamo.

If the former, then it doesn't much matter anyway; but if the latter, then it becomes a matter of the first importance to keep the machinery well oiled and running at its highest pitch of efficiency.

A tiny speck of dust may upset the smooth running of a delicate machine. The "little things" may be either dust or mental oil. It all depends on the point of view.

This point of view, too, is of some importance. The great men of the world are also those who have vision, who can see beyond the little thing to the big issues involved.

They have imagination, and imagination constructively employed will help to rob detail of its irritating tendencies, for it shows the vital necessity of the little things if the big thing is to be achieved in the end.

THERE is a sinister side to the psychology of the little thing. It is a wonderful obscurer of vision unless the mind has been trained to think logically and clearly. As a "red herring" the little thing stands supreme.

It is perhaps a little superfluous to say it, but for all that it needs to be said, that before one can learn to think logically one must learn to think.

It is imperative that one should acquire the power of thinking logically, the ability to weigh up facts and estimate their true worth, to recognise the essential and distinguish it from the unessential.

PASTOR'S MYSTERIOUS CLAIM

MIRACLE MAN'S HYSTERICAL MISSION

The Dangers of Faith Healing

MANY missioners are going about the country claiming to cure people of ailments and infirmities which are stated to be entirely beyond medical aid. Here we show that this "Faith Healing" movement is often marked by tragedy. While there is no doubt that the mind can exercise a great influence over the body, there are very grave dangers attaching to a campaign which drives emotional people to hysteria

IT is really time that something definite was done by the high authorities of the Church regarding the "Faith Healing" missions which are held in different parts of the country.

The "Faith Healers" claim that wonderful cures, likened to the famous miracles of old, are performed through the Spirit of the Almighty, Who, through the medium of the "Faith Healing" laymen on earth, bless poor, incurable invalids and turn them to health and vigour.

Many people have whole-hearted belief in these "Faith Healing" doctrines. Tens of thousands regard the whole thing as spoof. That is why the Church of England, to discover which of these beliefs is correct, ought certainly to go into the matter and make some definite pronouncement upon it.

Campaign of Divine healing

There have been in London lately some very remarkable and gifted people who describe themselves as Elim Revivalists. They are connected with what is called the Elim Pentecostal Alliance, and their business is to conduct a campaign of Divine healing throughout the country. Subscriptions to their funds are devoutly invited, and collections are taken at every meeting.

A gentleman named Pastor Jeffreys is, apparently, the head of this strange movement, and his career appears to have been one of an extremely romantic character.

Some twenty years ago he was a Welsh miner. One day he came under the influence of Evan Roberts, the Revivalist, and from that time he claims to have been gifted with the power to do what thousands of qualified doctors cannot do—to heal those poor helpless and hopeless creatures who are completely beyond medical aid.

Several extraordinary meetings have been held within the last few weeks at the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey Street, Walworth Road, London, S.E. These meetings were amazing spectacles. Thousands of people—some crippled, some deaf and dumb, some blind, some paralysed, and others who can only get about in ambulances and medical chairs—swarmed into this building to see the great Miner Pastor and Divine Healer, and, through the curious and mysterious power he claims to have inherited from above, be cured of their infirmities.

Hypnotising doubters

If a man goes to this meeting cold and suspecting, the amazing performance of Pastor Jeffreys induces him to believe that he is a hypnotist and an actor. He works his strange audience up to a pitch of emotion, almost wails in his teachings, cries aloud and deports himself in such a melodramatic fashion in the pulpit that some of the people before him are almost driven to hysteria.

Hymns are sung, with choruses repeated over and over again, and, in short, the whole spectacle becomes so moving and emotional, so hypnotic and hysterical, that most people present would believe anything they were told.

Then one by one incurable members of the congregation go before the pastor, who stares at them, lays his hands upon them, mutters something to them and they fall back, so we are told, cured.

Hysterical cries for health

We do not doubt that some cures are effected. But Pastor Jeffreys does not say that many of these cases have not received medical attention for many years before seeking his assistance, while many of these people whom he "cures" have ailments which mere mundane doctors regard as being something existing only in the mind of the patient himself.

Pastor Jeffreys

The truth is that the same improvements might easily, in practically every case with which Jeffreys is associated, be secured by the people concerned without any aid from him or from his Pentecostal Church, but by ordinary medical attention.

The most disquieting and even scandalous point about this man's campaign is the fact that thousands of poor helpless, blind and lame suffering creatures flock to his missions to be worked up to uncontrollable emotion and hysteria, beseeching him to cure them of their agony and restore them to health.

Undermining will-power

These poor people are compelled to leave his mission in a state of collapse, far worse than they ever were when they went there, and their sufferings intensified by the fact that Pastor Jeffreys "laying on of hands" had not the slightest effect upon them.

But Pastor Jeffreys has a ready answer in these cases where his mysterious hands have no control, and the answer is that Jeffreys does not cure all who seek his aid, or cure any by his own power.

He declares that in every case the soul must be purged before the body can be healed.

We do not know what the high officials of the Church think of a movement which, although it may appear to cure some people, brings hundreds of suffering people, in pathetic and tragic circumstances, to where they believe their pain will cease at last, but whose sufferings are made worse and whose health is endangered by the hypnotic and hysterical performance through which they are put.

But we know what many of our readers think. Here is the opinion of one:

"England keeps alive these incurables only to leave them at the mercy of seeming mesmerists who call it divine healing. At Wansey Street Tabernacle, Walworth, you can see a sight which makes you wonder if you are in England. Shoals of our young people with ailments are mesmerised and are to be seen falling flat on the floor. What lies behind this sect spreading all over London? Isn't it going to undermine the will-power of our people?

Now take the experience of an Ilford father, whose daughter went to one of these meetings:

"My daughter, who is twenty-five years of age, went to the Wansey Tabernacle on Good Friday much against my wishes. They have there what they call an 'inner room' to which believers in the congregation are invited to be baptised. What happens it seems hard to find out even from those who go in. They are put under a spell and worked up to such a state that they go almost beside themselves and lie about in all sorts of positions. One man was in such a state that it took eight men to hold him down and another young fellow went into a fit.

Inner room happenings

"There is no doubt that the whole thing is disgraceful. My daughter also went into this 'inner room,' and from all she saw was terribly upset, according to her friends, who remained in the outer hall. She was in a very bad state when she came out.

"She is unable to sleep at night, but foolishly attended on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, coming home on Thursday from business in such a state of nervous collapse that she is now confined to her bed."

Nor is that all. The girl was in such a state of hysteria when she came home from work on that day that her parents had to send immediately for a doctor, believing that she might be driven to religious mania.

The continued activities of Pastor Jeffreys and people like him not only bring about pathetic spectacles such as we have described, but injure the reputation of the medical profession. A famous surgeon has stated that it should be easy for these healers to convince the medical profession of their faith.

When Pastor Jeffreys was at Notting Hill some time ago, one of his alleged cures was that of a little girl who had been given up by several doctors as incurable. Whilst the child lay on her mother's knee, the Pastor says he merely placed his hands on a huge lump on the little child's neck with the result that two or three minutes later a great exclamation came from the mother that the lump had entirely disappeared!

On investigation it had to be regrettably admitted that the cure had never taken place at all, for the lump very unkindly and inconsiderately remained as and where it was before.

In many of these cases where "cures" are claimed sufferers, for the time being, believe that they are cured. But medical knowledge shows that it is only a temporary belief due to hysteria.

One doctor who attended one of the "cured" cases states that, had the "healer" tried some years ago to do what had now apparently been accomplished, he would have failed owing to the fact that the case was not sufficiently advanced for orthodox medical treatment. He did not attribute to the Pentecostal Mission or the Pastor the change in the patient's condition. The cure could have been medically effected long ago if the patient had gone to any ordinary doctor.

Psychical Piffle

Photographed in Heaven

AN interesting woman named Mrs. Deane lectures on psychic photography at the W. T. Stead Borderland Library, 5, Smith Square, Westminster, S.W., where special sittings for psychic photography can be arranged, preferably on Wednesdays and Fridays, by appointment with her.

Mrs. Deane is a very remarkable woman, distinguished in psychic circles for her claim to be able to take photographs of people who have passed away, but whose disembodied personality she can reproduce in actual photographs.

If this claim which is made for her were true then Mrs. Deane is one of the great outstanding figures of the history of the human race. If it is not true, she is a charlatan and a humbug, and attention ought to be directed to her activities lest she misleads weak-minded people into believing in her occult powers and paying real money for further instruction in that connection.

Humble beginning

Mrs. Deane began life as a charwoman, which is very much in her favour, partly because it is an honourable, if not very highly paid occupation, and partly because it shows how far she has surpassed in the race for psychic knowledge and development others who may have started under more favourable conditions.

But before people undertake her course of lectures and pay their money for her instruction, we think they are entitled to ask a few pertinent questions. For example, has she ever given any satisfactory explanation of her amazing performance when she purported to photograph the dead at the Cenotaph on last Armistice Remembrance Day?

Mrs. Deane went to the Cenotaph and took a photograph during the two minutes' silence. When the photograph was developed there were seen floating as it were in the clouds above the Cenotaph, the photographs of the faces of two or three score young men who, we were told, were some of the departed who had sacrificed their lives in the war.

Now when these supposed ghostly faces were enlarged by photographic means, they were declared by experts to be the faces of well-known footballers and pugilists. Included amongst them, for example, was Battling Siki, the well-known nigger fighting man, and several other people of that type.

Camera caught napping

What is the explanation given us by the psychic experts? They say that the people gathered round the Cenotaph were possibly thinking of Battling Siki and other well-known sporting figures, and that some occult influence affected the atmosphere, and the camera caught this influence and in this way reproduced the figures.

That is obvious and offensive nonsense. It is monstrous to suggest that people who stood with bared heads before the Cenotaph in a moment of great national commemoration were thinking of half-savage and ignorant persons like Battling Siki.

If this is the kind of nonsense that is preached by the ex-charwoman, Mrs. Deane, we have nothing further to say to her prospective clients except that if they like this kind of thing then obviously this is exactly the kind of thing they like.

Spinsters who Spy

Widow's pension saved

THE way of the war widow is hard. It is not that the country does not deeply appreciate the sacrifices which have bereaved her. It is not that the Ministry of Pensions at its headquarters in Westminster is unwilling to do its best for her. But red tape, that curse of all Government administration, seems to have found in her a peculiar victim. Where there are so many claims to be investigated, it would require—if paid staffs only were employed—an army of civil servants to look into these matters.

The problem has been solved—or, at least, an attempt has been made to solve it—by the assistance of volunteer investigators, employed by the local Area Offices that are scattered throughout the kingdom. It does not seem to be anybody's job in particular to see that these amateur investigators are the kind of people who could most effectively do the work.

In plain words, the complaint is that too many of them are Pecksniffian males, who undertake the task to kill time, and embittered spinsters unlikely to have domestic interests of their own, who find a vicarious interest in dominating the affairsof ot hers.

War-widow's Gethsemane

The trouble is that these amateur investigators have no real responsibility and incur no obligations if they make reports that are fallacious and misleading, and possibly originate from misinformed malice.

A war widow, whose pension is small compared with what her husband's earnings would have been if he had not died for us, has a room or two rooms in her house to let and, to supplement her pittance, rents these to male lodgers.

She is at once the mark of all the random arrows of vindictive slander. The tongues of ill-conditioned neighbours begin to wag. Anonymous letters, full of scandal, pour into the Area Office.

Aunt Martha or Disappointed Jane is put on the trail to investigate. She reports that it is true that the struggling widow has male lodgers, and she sometimes adds—not being accustomed to sift evidence—gossip that does not help the stricken woman.

But it is sufficient to set in motion the machinery of officialdom. To the widow it is suggested that she should get rid of her lodgers. If she does not do so, she gives what appears to be corroboration to anonymous scandals. She is in danger of losing her pension, and this is not only in the case of strange lodgers, but even if the woman provides shelter for a male relative.

Separated by adversity

A case of this kind has just been dealt with by our Pensions Editor. The widow of a man, who contracted consumption in the war and died last year, was refused a pension because she had been separated from her husband. It was true. She and her four children could not live in one room with a consumptive, and the husband went away to live with his relatives.

Investigators came prying round to ask if the widow lived a pure life, and what were the marital relations between herself and her late husband. After their reports, the claim to a pension was turned down.

Our Pensions Editor took the matter up, and to-day this widow is getting a pension of over £2 a week. Aunt Martha and Disappointed Jane might well think this matter over.

LIFE INSURANCE SCANDAL

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE PLUNDERED

Are you a Victim?

IT is with a grave sense of responsibility and as a definite matter of urgent public importance that we seek, while yet there is time, to induce Parliament to come to the rescue of a large part of the community which is being plundered as ruthlessly as the highwaymen robbed their victims in days gone by. Unfortunately, in this instance, the robbery has legal, if not moral, sanction

IN this article we reveal a story of scandalous robbery of the poor. This is the direct result of an Act of Parliament which, while intended to protect the poor, was so carelessly drafted that it exposed to spoliation the very people it sought to protect. We have already expressed surprise that Members of Parliament and the newspaper Press generally have done so little to cope with the grievance. We therefore think it a duty to set the matter forth so that there can be no excuse that it is not understood.

The gist of the matter is that hundreds of thousands of poor people, who have made commendable efforts to exercise the virtue of thrift, have been deprived of their savings by industrial collecting societies and insurance companies who have been aided in this campaign of plunder by the carelessness of our legislators.

Legalised plunder

Here are the facts. Shortly after the war broke out the Government passed a measure called the Courts Emergency Powers Act. Its object was to protect the soldiers in the trenches against the loss of their savings, if, owing to war conditions, they were unable to continue the payments of premiums.

One of the provisions of this Act prevented industrial assurance companies and collecting friendly societies from lapsing any policy of life assurance up to £25 face value, provided that such policy had been in force for two years previous to the outbreak of war.

The intentions of Parliament were admirable. It was estimated that at least fifteen million policies were protected in this way, and the whole of these policies under the Act remained in force until March 7, 1924, upon which date any of them upon which the premium for any reason had not been paid automatically lapsed.

This was a tremendous blow to the working-classes, who were chiefly affected, and it has been calculated that on this date some four million policies lapsed, upon which not less than twenty million pounds had been paid in premium.

£20,000,000 pocketed

Now the extraordinary point about this matter is that the policy-holders were, for the most part, never told that the policies they held could not be lapsed until this date and therefore, when persons assured under such policies died before the date of lapsing fixed by Parliament, no application was made to the companies for the moneys due under the protected policies. In plain words, the companies put this money in their pockets and said nothing about it.

Now we desire to point out that there is still an opportunity by which the money due to many of these deluded policy-holders can be obtained. The policies protected by the Courts Emergency Powers Act were kept in existence until that Act expired in June, 1923, but at that time another Act, called the Insurance Act, was put on the Statute Book.

By this it was enacted that the industrial insurance companies and friendly collecting societies were liable for all claims arising from death or maturity up till March 7, 1924.

Still time to escape

Further, when the Emergency Powers Act expired, it gave a period of grace for the putting in of claims in respect of the policies mentioned above, and that period of grace enables these claims to be put in till June 7, 1925.

Now we think the importance of this matter will become obvious. There is still time for the policy-holders who are unaware of their rights to establish these rights and to get back from the companies the moneys which belong to them and which the companies are taking no steps to restore.

The Prime Minister, who has a clear duty in this matter.

One or two examples will explain clearly the point we are pressing. Mr. R. Walton, 37, Hawkins Place, Murton Colliery, Co. Durham, was a typical example of a careful and thrifty working-man. Not only did he himself insure with the Pearl Assurance Co., Ltd., High Holborn, London, W.C., but he persuaded all the members of his family to do the same thing. He, therefore, had no fewer than eight policies in his family, for himself, his wife and the children.

The blight of bad times

These policies were taken out in 1911, and all the premiums upon them were regularly paid and receipts for them duly given till September, 1919. The total premiums paid by this thrifty working family came to close upon £50.

In 1919, when the boom in post-war trade suddenly collapsed, Mr. Walton was thrown out of employment and he and his family were no longer able to pay the premiums.

That is one of the terrible sidelights upon unemployment amongst our industrial workers. It not only involves the loss of present wages but, as in this case, the loss of the whole family fortunes and the result of years of saving.

They did not know of the efforts which Parliament had made to protect them and people in a similar position. Parliament had omitted to make it compulsory for the insurance companies to notify all policy-holders of the protection which Parliament had decreed for them.

As a matter of fact, two of the policies they held had matured, one from death and one from the passing of time, before March 7, 1924, but the company was under no obligation to intimate to Mr. Walton the fact that it held money that he was entitled to claim. He has now, however, been made aware of his rights and they will in due course be recognised by the company concerned.

Take another case. Mrs. Shaw, 86, Harold Terrace, Cardigan Road, Leeds, had two policies, upon which she paid 9d. per week each, to the London, Manchester and Industrial Insurance Co., 50, Finsbury Square, London. These policies were on the life of her father, and they were taken out in the year 1908. The amount insured was £24 and the premiums were paid until 1921. By that time Mrs. Shaw had paid in premiums over £50.

This was, therefore, a very good piece of business for the company. They had received over £50 and all they could be called upon to pay out was £24. However, in 1921, Mrs. Shaw, falling upon evil times, was unable to continue the payments and, so far as she was concerned, the policy was regarded as lapsed and lost. Two years later her father died.

She did not know that hers was a protected policy under the Courts Emergency Powers Act. The company was under no obligation to her. Now, however, she has been informed and her claim has been lodged and will, and must of course, be met.

Penalised by ignorance

In 1895 Frederick Arthur Williamson, 28, Castle Street, Wellington Street, Leeds, took out a policy with the Prudential. In the following year he took out an additional policy and he paid the weekly premiums upon both of them for a quarter of a century.

When he found that he was unable to continue the payments in 1921, he regarded the policies as lapsed and lost. He died in the following year, and as his policy was one of those protected by this well-intended piece of legislation, his family was entitled to £16. But they did not know this, and therefore made no claim.

We could multiply these instances by hundreds of thousands of cases. The people affected are the backbone of this country, the working-classes, who out of their scanty earnings make the sacrifice of putting away something every week to provide against the rainy day and to ensure for themselves a position of independence in times of hardship or emergency.

Parliament's past failures

We say quite plainly that these people must be protected. Parliament tried to do it and failed. The responsibility therefore rests upon Parliament to carry out effectively what it purported and intended to do. We therefore call upon the Government to act immediately and to pass another Emergency Act which will extend for at least another twelve months the now rapidly passing time under which these claims can be made.

Further, and above all, there should be in this Act a mandatory clause which will compel insurance companies and collecting societies to communicate with those whose money they are holding, or the relatives, as the case may be, and to make them aware of the rights which have been conferred upon them.

It is for things like this that Parliament primarily exists. We ask it to act immediately.

DOUBLE-CROSSED WIVES

ALARMING INCREASE OF BIGAMY

The Marriage Vow Degraded

THE terrible prevalence of the crime of bigamy calls for the earnest attention of the authorities. The records of the Old Bailey and other criminal courts prove beyond question that bigamy—and even polygamy—has increased tenfold within the last few years.

The ease with which the bigamist effects his nefarious purpose is perfectly amazing. It is also scandalous, for bigamy is—or should be—an easily preventable crime.

The case of Ernest William Beckett, which came before the Recorder at the last Old Bailey Sessions, offers a remarkable illustration of the way in which the marriage laws can be circumvented.

A hairdresser by trade, Beckett was married in 1907 at the Hackney Register Office, and in due course became the father of five children. Then came the war and the amazing sequel.

On his return from abroad, where he had served in the R.A.M.C., Beckett started to play the Don Juan, and within a few miles of his own doorstep—where he lived with his wife and family—courted and proposed marriage to Elizabeth Skipp, a single woman, to whom he posed as a bachelor. On December 23, 1920, Beckett was "married" to Miss Skipp at St. Paul's Church, Islington, although the records of the Hackney Register Office would have shown at a glance that he was already a married man.

Marriage lines waste paper

Clearly the present system of registration is valueless. As things stand it is the easiest thing in the world to commit bigamy even in the very locality where the original marriage was solemnised.

Only the other day a South Croydon husband wooed and won a single girl, put up the banns, and finally went through the ceremony of marriage in the very district in which nine years earlier he led his first bride to the altar. The most casual enquiry would have revealed the existence of the previous marriage. Such a state of affairs points to gross laxity on the part of those whose duty it is to ensure obedience to the marriage laws.

Far wider publicity than now obtains should be given to intended marriages, which, after all, are a matter of public concern. The system of registration of marriages is maintained at enormous expense, and we are at least entitled to expect that reasonable enquiries shall be made before men and women are allowed to cloak their alliances with the form of law.

The King of bridegrooms

As a beginning, why should not all candidates for marriage be required to vouch for their identity and eligibility by the sworn statements of three respectable householders? Even this simple precaution would reduce bigamy to negligible proportions, and immensely lighten the labours of the criminal courts.

Judge Atherley Jones, K.C., who sentenced King at the Central Criminal Court

The exploits of Archibald King—the "King" of Bigamists — sentenced to three years' penal servitude at the Old Bailey last November, are still fresh in the public mind. King, a detestable scoundrel, who richly deserved the "cat," was the vile *entrepreneur* of a gang of foreign prostitutes, with some fourteen of whom he had gone through the ceremony of marriage under various aliases.

One of these women, Jeanne Guigne, appeared last week at Bow Street, charged with failing to register under the Aliens Act, when it was explained that she had "endeavoured to acquire the status of British nationality by marrying a man she had not seen since."

If King and the out-of-work dupes he persuaded to assist him in these bogus marriages had had to produce satisfactory evidence of their identity and "marriageable" qualifications, this criminal project would have been nipped in the bud, and a special section of Scotland Yard detectives would not have had to spend twelve months in purging the marriage registers of these false entries.

One of King's dupes, an ex-waiter named Harold Whitby, lately came out of prison a ruined man. This unfortunate wretch was out of employment, and one morning, tempted by the offer of £5, he walked into a Register Office within a short distance of the address at which he was living happily with his wife, and went through a marriage ceremony with a flash foreign woman whom he had never seen before and has never seen since.

The very least the Register Office authorities should do is to challenge applicants for marriage—and the clergy those who desire the publication of banns—in these terms: "Prove to us who you are, and that by established repute you are at present unmarried, or you shall have no assistance from us to clothe your union with the sanction of the law."

A moth-eaten theory

Among the latest cases at the Old Bailey was that of a man named Martin, who, though legally married to a woman at Paddington, by whom he had had several children, kept up a second establishment no further away than Croydon, where there was a second "wife," whom he had bigamously "married" at a Register Office. Neither of the women knew of the other's existence till after several years of this double matrimonial life.

If Martin had had to obtain the vouchers of three acceptable sureties at Paddington before going through the second ceremony he would have been saved from the consequences of his folly, and two women from disillusionment.

Bigamy is as common as it is because it is far too easy. Very largely the registration of marriages is a costly farce. In theory, the Register Offices are supposed to make due enquiries, and it is high time this theory was translated into fact.

A Tinkering Taylor

Financier's Amazing Impudence

THE apathy of the British public with regard to our outworn and defective legal system, by which they are continually robbed by unscrupulous financial adventurers, is a constant source of surprise.

An amazing instance of the ease with which the worst type of company promoter can flit from one company to another at the expense of his ruined dupes can scarcely be better illustrated than by the exclusive story of the recent activities of Mr. John Ambrose Taylor, the man who steered the Hanworth Public Utility Co. upon the rocks of financial disaster.

* * *

In the summer of the year 1922 John Ambrose was in very hot water with the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, who castigated him severely for his running of the Hanworth concern, which was supposed to be a house-finding company practically owned by Taylor, but, in effect, financed by people who advanced money for houses that for the most part they did not get.

In running this concern, the company purchased the Tudor House Estate, into which Mr. Taylor and his family moved. The idea was supposed to be to have a handsome house in which to receive prospective investors, both to accommodate and to impress them.

* * *

Mr. Taylor also had a motor-car, which his company helped him to run by allowing him £50 a month towards the expenses. Both these expenditures were entirely unjustified and the Registrar spoke very warmly on the subject.

John Ambrose Taylor is not a man easily to be dismayed. The castigation of the Registrar seems to have affected him as little as the water which rolls off a duck's back. We have now found that in the following year he floated a company called Premier Products, Ltd., which was to go in for manufacturing building materials. Mr. Taylor was still keen on the house-finding.

The company had a nominal capital of £20,000. The first subscribers were Mr. Taylor, who put up the munificent sum of £1, and a solicitor's clerk, who put up an equal amount. This company has now gone on the rocks.

The remarkable thing about it is that it seems to have followed very much the same practices that were described as reprehensible by the Registrar in the case of the Hanworth Company!

For example, it took over a very handsome house, called Ormeley, at Ham Common, Surrey. The explanation of this bit of extravagance was that it was necessary to have a suitable place to receive prospective investors, to accommodate and to impress them.

Furthermore, Mr. Taylor found it necessary to have a motor-car, and he charged the company for its upkeep.

* * *

The company was also financed very much on the Hanworth model. Mr. Taylor got a block of shares allowed to him in consideration of an agreement into which he entered with another limited company, and he appears to have sold these shares to investors who were promised positions. One of these investors has lost something like £1,000.

The company never did any real work, and, under the existing law, there is no reason why the egregious Taylor should not continue his rake's progress—always at the expense of somebody else. When will Parliament pass legislation that will prevent this outrage upon financial decency and commercial propriety?

Paul of the Paragon

Epistles to House-Hunters

THAT eminent cynic, Sir John Falstaff, used to say that it is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. It would be superfluous advice to Mr. Alexander Paul, the London manager of the Paragon Insurance Co., Ltd., of 5, Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1. Mr. Paul is one of the most zealous men of business we have yet encountered.

There is another notable figure of whom Mr. Paul may have heard—we refer to the Apostle Paul, who said that he that striveth for the mastery must be temperate in all things. Mr. Paul might make a special effort to be a little more temperate in his language.

Money for bread thrown away

The other day a reader of JOHN BULL noticed an advertisement in an evening periodical offering assistance to those about to purchase house property. He replied and received certain leaflets, after careful study of which he did not feel disposed to proceed any further.

A few days later a Mr. Segal called upon him in order to explain the advantages obtainable by reconsidering the house-purchase proposition. Mr. Segal was politely informed that there was nothing doing, and he appears to have reported this depressing fact to the Paragon Insurance Co., Ltd.

But Alexander Paul, remembering that his great prototypes were not easily discouraged, was not to be baffled by these disconcerting circumstances, so he wrote a sort of epistle in rather more than the apostolic manner.

"Sir," he said to his reluctant client, "do you not think it a most un-Christian-like spirit to make people have printing wasted and postage and writing for nothing? I think it most un-Christlike. Excuse me writing in this strain because I could understand of a poor man out of Hoxton slum or elsewhere similar localities but a gentleman like you to do such a thing I can hardly credit such."

"Let me ask you," he continues, "to be a little more charitable in future as Mr. Segal not only wasted his time coming to you but travelling expenses also which would have been more useful to him perhaps in buying a loaf for his family." This is all very well, but no reason why our reader should be so pestered by the irrepressible Alexander Paul.

It may save trouble to others of our readers if we say we have met Alexander Paul before, when he was working for another housing proposition, and threatened a dissatisfied bondholder to put the C.I.D. of Scotland Yard on his track.

A puzzling document

In another masterly document he explained the position as follows:

"As to the second part of the three years that is only partly right because if you possess a £600 and had only to pay £38 10s. rent, even if you would have to pay £12 interest on the £200 outstanding would only make it £1 per week and you could not rent anything like it to-day, so you see the secret of the balance of the second mortgage is that while you only pay us the premium you should pay part of that second mortgage and then whatever is left at the qualifying time they undoubtedly would assist you in it."

What that all means we do not know, and we suspect that neither Sir John Falstaff nor the Apostle Paul could tell us. But we advise our readers to let Mr. Alexander Paul severely alone.

A Chinese Bunker

Sad Straits of English Wife

WHAT is to become of Mrs. Beatrice Ah Soo? This English girl, the daughter of a soldier, whose five brothers fought in the Great War, came to London and met a Chinese, named Ah Soo, whom she afterwards married.

This ruffian pretended that he was a Chinese gentleman of position. He was really a runaway seaman, who afterwards became a kitchen boy in a West End hotel and obtained by peddling opium the money with which to support his pose as a man of means.

He married her and dragged her down to the lowest depths in the worst slums in the purlieus of Chinatown. In spite of his conduct, she remained with him because of her two little children. She had to wait upon Oriental degenerates in the filthy opium-den her husband ran, until he was sent to jail for trafficking in drugs. The cowardly rascal blamed his wife for giving him away and, when he came out, refused to support her.

By this time she was broken in health and, deserted by her husband, she lived as best she could, taking in as lodgers the flotsam and jetsam of Dockland. She knew little of their character and was powerless to control them. Ultimately she was sentenced to jail for keeping a disorderly house.

Wife and children deserted

It was after she came out, to find her poor possessions gone and her children in the workhouse, that she came to us for help. We did what we could for her. We tried to get her into the Brompton Hospital, but her disease (consumption) was too advanced. She went into Lambeth Hospital at the beginning of this year and has just come out now, a little improved in health, but without means and unable to find a home for the little half-caste children she loves.

She was looking for her husband, in the hope that he might help her. We are able to state that Ah Soo, when he left her, joined the ship *Sambodja* through the office of Ng Fook, of 92, West India Dock Road, E., who wanted a Chinese crew for the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, St. Helen's Court, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

Ah Soo went East on the *Sambodja*, but left nothing behind for his wife. He worked as a fireman's cook, and signed off and left the ship at Singapore, stating that he did not intend to return to this country. His place was taken by a Chinese, named Chang Fu Sang, who is now in this country.

Chinaman's back up

Is it not monstrous that these undesirable yellow men should be allowed to come here, sign off, marry English girls and then clear away, in the service of the big Shipping companies, leaving their white women victims, with their almond-eyed children, to fester in the noisome purlieus of Limehouse?

The whole question of Chinese seamen being employed on British ships must be investigated by the police.

As we go to press, we have received a telegram from Ng Leng, 74, West India Dock Road, Limehouse," saying "If Englishmen keep out Chinamen from England, Chinamen will keep out Englishmen from China."

Personally, we have no wish to go to China. But we have always made it clear that we do not wish to embarrass respectable Chinese. It is only the undesirables who cannot behave themselves here that we want removed.

AMAZING WIRELESS RAMP

OPERATIONS THAT REQUIRE EXPLANATION

Strong Criticism of Radio Traders

WITHIN the last few weeks proofs have been furnished of astounding operations in the wireless industry which call for strict investigation on the part of the proper authorities.

In a previous issue we gave some details of the business methods employed by Naum (or Norman) Abraham Ludwin, a director of two well-known radio firms, Importex, Ltd., 122, Bunhill Row, E.C., and Darag (London), Ltd., 8, Southampton Row, W.C., at the same time criticising the Lancashire Trading Co., Ltd., 25, Budge Row, who provided convenient references, and whose guiding genius is Anatole Ivan Zaitzeff, a half-brother of Ludwin.

Further investigations have revealed a series of transactions which have caused grave misgivings through the whole industry.

They date from 1923, when Ludwin, who had been unable to meet debts of £3,000 as N. A. Ludwin & Co., formed the General Distributing and Trading Co., Ltd., to take over the affairs of the company. After eight months' trading, the concern went into liquidation.

Quickly off the mark

Nothing daunted, Ludwin recommenced in May, 1924, under the old name, and, owing to his charm of manner, succeeded in getting about £2,000 of credits, in a short time, from firms of standing.

Several of these obtained execution orders, but when the Sheriff's officer called at 122, Bunhill Row, he was confronted by a claim by A. I. Zaitzeff and Company, aforementioned, to most of the goods on the premises.

Ludwin then purchased the title of the British and Overseas Dental Supply Co., Ltd., with which he had previously been connected, and from which he had resigned, but at the end of 1924 applied to have the name changed to Importex, Ltd., a then moribund concern, which had formerly been controlled by a Belgian Syndicate,

Before even the formal consent of the Board of Trade had been obtained for the change of name, Continental manufacturers in the wireless industry were approached through a friend in Germany, for the purchase and supply of large quantities of goods.

Meanwhile, the Darag (London), Ltd., end of the connection was playing its part with distinction. It should be mentioned that Ludwin did not originate this company, the honour being due to Sascha Flatto, a gentleman of Polish birth. It was in November, 1924, that these two brilliant intellects came together, Ludwin being later appointed a director of Darag.

Accommodating Ludwin

No sooner had this been accomplished than Flatto, who had also Continental connections, arranged to supply Importex, Ltd., with wireless goods, which were to be paid 26 per cent. "after inspection," and 74 per cent. bills of exchange spread over a period of three months.

Various suppliers received the bills, which were accepted by Importex, Ltd., payable at the Midland Bank, Finsbury Pavement, and elsewhere. Although rubber stamps had been specially made for the bills, the company had no account at the offices mentioned, and the bills were returned dishonoured.

These transactions totalled the comparatively modest amount of £5,000, but a month later Ludwin "accommodated" Flatto with a further supply of bills for a large amount, the arrangement being that parcels of goods should be delivered in the early part of 1925, but that in the meantime Flatto could use the bills.

German hymns of hate

Flatto thereupon took a trip to Germany, and succeeded in issuing not only these bills but another batch obtained from a company whose creditors' meeting was held recently.

A few of them were honoured, but the bulk are now forming the *motif* for various hymns of hate by the German holders. We trust that Darag (London), Ltd., which has just gone into liquidation, will find assets sufficient to meet them.

The Continental branch of the business having been successful, Importex, Ltd., turned their attention to the British wireless market in February, 1925.

Manufacturers in the trade were circularised and, doubtless as a *quid pro quo* for the accommodation bills, Darag (London), Ltd., gave Importex a reference which, glowing as it was, erred on the side of caution.

They said that their friends were "good for their engagements," but, in view of the aforementioned bill transactions, they might, with perfect truth, have said that they were better than their engagements.

A second reference was provided by an old friend in a new firm, Anatole Ivan Zaitzeff, of the Lancashire Trading Co., Ltd. Zaitzeff, who had been in business in this country, but had spent some time in Hamburg, returned in June, 1924, with a considerable quantity of goods and money.

For a time he shared the premises at 122, Bunhill Row, where he traded as Zaitzeff and Co., and also took an office at 25, Budge Row.

Injured innocence

Since our previous article, we have had a letter from Zaitzeff, through his solicitors, in which he protests that he was never in partnership with N. A. Ludwin, but with M. A. Ludwin, another half-brother, who is now dead.

We still await a satisfactory explanation from Zaitzeff of his assurance to manufacturers that he knew "nothing against" Importex, Ltd.

Assuming that the entire property at Bunhill Row did belong to him, as he told the sheriff's officer on more than one occasion, the fact that the latter was there at all was sufficient to have deterred an honest business man from giving any kind of reference.

Brazen Cheek and Iron Ore

Mythical Mine Millions

THE impudence of transatlantic flat-catchers, who have invaded this country in a grand attempt to empty the pockets of English "mugs," could scarcely be better illustrated than by the brazen efforts of the Ungava Trust, Ltd., of 27, Creechurch Lane, London, E.C.

We have already issued a warning paragraph about these irrepressible share-pushers, but, apparently, they need a little more attention, for we are being flooded by enquiries from readers all over the country.

* * *

The game is being run by a highly efficient organisation with no haunting sense of modesty. We have before us a circular which says that almost every one knows of the diamond mines of South Africa, the copper mines of Australia, the gold-fields of British Columbia, and the enormous fortunes they have made.

It goes on to add to this widely diffused knowledge another piece of valuable information about a fourth great mineral development in the British Empire, that promises to rival, if not to surpass, the unprecedented results of any of the aforementioned. That development, of course, is Ungava.

You may wonder what Ungava is. The circulars will tell you. It is a district of over 2,000 square miles in the Province of Quebec, which, according to the circulars, is choc-a-bloc full of iron-ore, gold, nickel, copper, mica, ochre, marble and roofing-slate.

* * *

The first thing to go after is the iron-ore, and you need not be in the least degree afraid of overlooking it, for the reports state that there are 6,000 million tons in sight. Even when all that has been dug up and smelted and sold, there is no reason why the profits should stop, for this admirable company intends, after it has got all the iron-ore that it can carry, to exploit later the gold, copper, marble, slates, and nickel as additional revenue.

The comforting thing is that the shares in this concern are only 2½s. each, but you are told, with red ink insistence, that you had better hurry up to buy them as they are going to be increased to 26s. each.

We respectfully suggest that the people on the other side of the Atlantic ought to buy these shares themselves, because they can go out and look at the impressive spectacle of 6,000 million tons of iron-ore in sight, and they ought to know the value of this project better than we do.

There is one point, however, to which we think it necessary to direct attention—that is, the explicit statement made on the notepaper of Ungava Trust, Ltd., that "this project has the whole-hearted co-operation and support of the officials of the Government of the Province of Quebec, Canada."

* * *

We have taken the trouble to ask the High Commissioner for Canada whether it is true that the great State Department is upholding this impudent attempt to sell wild-cat shares to unwary British investors. The answer is from Dr. Burge, Commissioner in London for Quebec—that his Government has not been asked for, nor has it given, its co-operation or support to this scheme.

There is one lie nailed to the counter. We warn Ungava Trust, Ltd., that in this country the law deals severely with those who seek to obtain money by false pretences.

THE MAN BEHIND
THE RACE GANG
Pests who Defy the Law

THERE are several well-organised gangs of thugs who hold the public to ransom and set the police at defiance. Behind the chief gang is a powerful figure whom the police have hitherto been incapable of bringing to justice. This state of affairs must be ended

THE time has come when, for the protection and safety of the public, we must call firmly upon the Home Secretary to take immediate and drastic action in regard to the race gangs who infest this country, and whose reign of terror has grown entirely beyond control.

Months ago we warned the police that these scoundrels were laughing at the official efforts taken to curb their treacherous activities, and time after time we called upon Scotland Yard to take special steps to end this appalling scandal. But nothing has been done.

The result is that these gangs are to-day more powerful than ever. They care little or nothing for law and order, and openly boast that the police are completely outwitted.

From one end of the country to the other the public has been shocked by the callous murder of a man named William Plommer, which took place in Sheffield a few days ago. He was stabbed and battered to death in a dreadful affray carried out by race gang ruffians, who were armed with bayonets, pokers, razors, knuckle-dusters, carving-knives and various blunt instruments.

Are magistrates being terrorised?

During the last few months Sheffield has been terrorised by three gangs, known as the "Park Gambling Gang," the "Mooney Gang," and the "Garvin Gang." So great has the mischief grown in Sheffield that people are absolutely afraid to walk about the streets at night — in fact, the Rev. Father Ommanney declares that the ruffians are now terrorising even magistrates, who hardly dare send them to prison.

A man named John Towler was recently sent to jail at Sheffield for hitting another man over the head with a bottle. The assaulted man did not bring the proceedings, which were brought by the police. It appeared from the evidence that both men were members of rival racing gangs, and the defence was that Towler wanted to get protection that he might walk the streets in safety.

Another of the many cases that have recently occurred in Sheffield was a charge brought against two men as a sequel to a stabbing affray. One man had been very badly wounded. He had a great gash in his throat, into which the doctor had put twelve stitches. The wound was caused by a broken glass—a favourite weapon with these ruffians. They break the top of it, and then thrust this dreadful weapon in the face of the victim.

Gangs nearly a thousand strong

In another case, a man was charged with assault. He was described as a pest to the town and one of a gang who went about twelve strong "to lay out the people they had quarrelled with." His victim declared that he did not know who had hit him, or why. The magistrate said that this man was obviously afraid to state his case. The bully was fined 40s., which is certainly not the way to put down this kind of rascality.

The two principal gangs in London are the "Sabini" and the "Aldgate" gangs, and both are extremely powerful. The Sabini mob, which is by far the worst, is composed of something like a thousand of the most despicable and blood-thirsty ruffians it is possible to imagine.

What the Home Secretary must ask the police to find out—and we say quite frankly that the police should have found it out long ago and acted upon it—is the identity of the person working in the background of the Sabini gang.

Uncrowned race-gang king

He is very wealthy and influential. He is connected with one or two night clubs, employing "dummies" to run them for him. He is associated with one business which, although it has an air of respectability to the outsider, is really run for the purpose of disposing of goods obtained by fraudulent trading.

Plommer, a race-gang victim

He is also connected with another concern which is in the way of printing racing literature.

This man employs many jail-birds. He is too powerful to be interfered with by members of other gangs who fear him, and he employs these jail-birds to give them protection from their rivals.

There have been many race-gang affrays in London during the last few weeks, but there is very rarely an effective prosecution. Harry Sabini, for instance, was arrested the other day for assaulting a man who had been to jail for shooting. The magistrate could not act on the evidence—which is the usual thing nowadays in cases of this kind—and Sabini was discharged.

Armed to the teeth

The terrible occurrences which are taking place daily in Sheffield are likely to be reproduced very shortly in London. The enmity between the "Aldgate" and "Sabini" terrors is growing worse and more deadly every hour. It is a well-known fact in the underworld that a terrible feud is being planned to take place in the near future—either in a London street, or on one of the race-courses south of the Thames.

Why are these rascals, known to the police as dangerous criminals, allowed to carry arms?

Why, when they are loafing about the West End of London, are they not searched on suspicion of being in possession of deadly weapons?

Why are they allowed on race-courses when they are so well known that many bookmakers confine their business to their offices rather than risk being blackmailed and razor-slashed on the course?

Why, too, is the powerful man—the wealthy Race Gang Rogue who "directs" the members of the gang, who finances them, and who laughs cynically at the police—allowed to carry on so brazenly, so impudently and so defiantly?

DUPING UNWARY
HUNTERS FOR JOBS
Employment Agency's Strange Methods

WE have often warned readers to be careful when replying to advertisers who offer jobs on the condition that money is to be invested. Here we tell the story of such a transaction which emphasises the need for such a warning.

EVERY day in the advertisement columns of the daily Press there appear long lists of advertisements from people anxious to offer employment to those who are out of work. Most of these advertisements offer such employment with the condition that the employé must invest money in the concern which is to employ him.

One of the most prominent of these advertisers is a firm called Major Aldworth and Co., Ltd., 160, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

We have already had occasion to refer to Major Aldworth's concern before in regard to a man named Whitbread. Whitbread took money from a number of out-of-work investors to put it in a firm called the Whitbread Sign Company.

Rose-strewn paths of promise

This firm was not doing a satisfactory business, and it was a most unsafe investment; but the people to whom Major Aldworth and Co. gave an introduction, and so enabled Whitbreads to get their money, were given no warning by Major Aldworth and Co. as to the danger they were incurring.

In that connection, we plainly ask, Did Major Aldworth, D.S.O.—for that is the way he often advertised—or did any of his partners investigate the books or accounts of Whitbreads? If they did not, they were extremely careless.

We say no more about this matter because Whitbread absconded and has since been arrested, and will, therefore, have an opportunity of explaining his business methods.

But we are afraid, and we have to say quite plainly, that carelessness of this kind is not only illustrated by the affair of Whitbread. We have found that it has occurred in other cases, with disastrous results to unfortunate investors seeking employment.

It is clear that this firm does not make adequate inquiries before introducing—for fees—people to others who promise them all sorts of rosy things if only they will first part with their hard-earned cash.

More wireless than expert

Take a case in point. A reader of JOHN BULL saw an advertisement in a paper about a year ago, and, in consequence, went to see Major Aldworth and Co.

Our reader saw Mr. H. J. Wilson—one of the partners, who also figured in the Whitbread introductions—who said that he knew of a much better proposition to which he could introduce him—a really sound and promising business of which he himself and his colleague, Major Aldworth, D.S.O., were directors.

Our reader was very much impressed by the "D.S.O." which Major Aldworth was using in his advertisements, and he believed he was dealing with a man whose statements he could implicitly trust.

In any case, Aldworth and Co. put our reader in touch with a gentleman called Adolphus Krumm, who was interested in a concern called Wireless Experts, Ltd.

The suggestion was that our reader should become a salesman for Wireless Experts, Ltd., and he was told that he ought to be able to make at least £20 a week in commission alone. Mr. Wilson was present when this statement was made, and did not apparently regard it as a matter open to question.

In reply to a question, Mr. Wilson stated that Mr. Krumm was a Belgian by birth, but a naturalised Englishman who had lived in this country nearly all his life, and was a man of the highest integrity.

Working for love

Ultimately our reader was induced to hand over £250, and he proceeded about his duties as a salesman. He only worked three weeks, if work it could be called, since he had practically nothing to do.

At the end of the third week no wages were forthcoming. Our reader asked for his money back. He did not get it, and has not got it since, and the firm is now in liquidation.

We say that this is a perfectly scandalous state of affairs. We have no doubt that when our reader's money was taken from him the company in which it was invested was at the time insolvent. Major Aldworth, D.S.O., took the responsibility of recommending our reader through his firm to put his money into Wireless Experts, Ltd.

He was, at the time, a director of Wireless Experts, Ltd., and, therefore, he must have known, or he ought to have known, that it was financially and commercially unsound, that it was, in fact, a dud concern, staggering down the path that leads to liquidation.

Exploiting the D.S.O.

We say, therefore, that Major Aldworth, D.S.O., has at least a moral responsibility for the money which was lost by a dud investment made on his recommendation when he held himself out as being in a position to know what the state of affairs with regard to that particular company was. We shall be surprised if it is not also found that he has a legal as well as a moral responsibility.

We do not think that our reader will have much chance of getting his money back from Mr. Krumm. There are several other people who are in the same position as our reader, who have paid away sums varying from £250 to £1,000 in the Wireless Experts proposition. Two of them have paid over their money during the past few months.

During his long career in this country, Krumm has been associated with some commercial ventures that have not entitled him to be regarded as a commercial genius.

As managing director of Wireless Experts, Krumm has not increased his reputation as a business man. At the moment, however, we are not concerned with that, but rather with the gross scandal that the firm of Major Aldworth and Co., with its distasteful emphasising of military ranks and decorations, should have been a party to a transaction in which clients were so badly duped.

The position of an agent in matters of this kind is morally that of a trustee. In this case, Major Aldworth has betrayed his trust and, in our opinion, thoroughly deserves the severe reprobation which we have felt it a duty here to give him.

A Ban on Ha'nish

Visitor We Don't Want

WE have already had a few words to say on Mazdaznan, the religion of gold-gilt and mumbo-jumbo, founded by Otoman Yar-Adusht Ha'nish, so styled, and having British "Imperial" headquarters at Langham House, Regent Street.

It is now stated that Ha'nish himself intends to make a special pilgrimage to these shores in the coming summer. We never object to a little novel entertainment, but there are strong reasons why the immigration authorities should delay this movement for a Brighter Regent Street.

Frankly, we should look upon the "Royal Master" of Mazdaznan as an undesirable guest; and we are sure that, if the British adherents of the movement cause the same enquiries to be made in America as we have done, they will decide to ban Ha'nish.

From sugar to spooks

Details of his career prove him to be, beyond doubt, a charlatan. His real name is Otto Hanisch, the son of a German grocer of Mendota, Illinois, U.S.A., and his age is somewhere about forty-six. At one time he was a compositor, but, finding this too stereotyped an occupation, he launched out as a prestidigitator.

From that it was but a short step to mesmerism, fake spiritualism and Mormonism. A few subsequent hints from a gentleman called Brighouse, who claimed to be the Messiah, taught him the advantages of having a religion of one's very own. He founded Mazdaznan, proclaiming himself "Prophet of the Sun God, Prince of Peace, Manthra Magi of Temple El Katman, Kalantar of Zoroastrian Breathing and Envoy of Mazdaznan living, Viceroy-Elect and International Head of Master-Thot."

Naturally, such a string of titles was too heavy a burden for the son of a German grocer, and so Otto Hanisch became Otoman Yar-Adusht Ha'nish, a "Persian Magi of Royal Descent."

A young oldster

He opened a shrine in Chicago, where he taught society ladies all about "Yogi" breathing exercises, and gave tea parties at which the disciples were fed on lilac blossons—"the white and pinkish for males, the blue-tinted for females."

At that time he was in the early thirties, but, in order to impress his followers with the beneficial effects of sun worship, holy respiration and lilac diet, he gave out that he was a septuagenarian. This had a miraculous effect, and Otto amassed quite a tidy sum of money from the credulous who pined to discover his secret of perpetual youth.

All might have been well had not the police discovered that the Royal Master was dabbling in "occult sex-love." A publication called "Inner Studies," which treated on such subjects as "The Immaculate Conception and its Repetition; The Secrets of Lovers Unveiled; Our Ideals and Soul Mates and Magnetic Attraction and Electric Mating," was considered a breach of the laws.

Accordingly the Kalantar of Zoroastrian Breathing was removed for a period of six months, no leniency having been exercised in view of his "advancing years."

As, later, the Los Angelos police issued a warrant on a much graver charge, we shall not welcome the Royal Master among this summer's American visitors.

VANISHED WOMAN MYSTERY

CAN YOU FIND EMILY SOTCHER?

Father Offers £50 Reward

DURING the past few months several girls have been reported as unaccountably missing. It seems as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up; they vanish leaving no clue to their whereabouts. But while the police are helpless the traffic in white slaves to places abroad still continues to flourish.

A FEW weeks ago we told a most remarkable story of how the parents of a missing girl had searched London from one end to the other in what seemed to them at last almost the forlorn hope of finding their lost and beloved daughter.

The girl was Elise Mendel. She had been staying at the Y.W.C.A. in Bayswater and disappeared suddenly, as though the earth had opened and swallowed her. Her distraught parents, who lived at the time in Holland, put the matter in the hands of the Dutch Consul and of Scotland Yard, but their daughter had vanished completely, and the news they yearned and prayed for did not come through.

Lost in lurid London

The months passed. The agony of the parents became a living nightmare. The Dutch Consul could do nothing except express his regret, and Scotland Yard, though similarly sympathetic, had ultimately to acknowledge failure. The distressed and heart-broken parents sought the assistance of several private detective agencies in London. They got a report from time to time, which told them all kinds of useless but intensely painful things.

Their daughter, for example, they were told, had been seen in night clubs, in Chinatown, in the lowest dance clubs and vilest drinking-dens of Soho, where she had been in the company of well-known thieves. Then they learned that she had even resorted to the life of the woman of the streets. But they did not get what they sought—the address of their lost daughter.

They had little money left, and to husband it they came to London to conduct the search themselves. They were resolved, if they could, to find her and bring her home, no matter what she might have become, and with pathetic courage they searched for her through every den of vice and every haunt of hectic pleasure in London. They even went through the mire of Chinatown in their long and weary search, but again without results.

How hearts are broken

Then some kind friend suggested that they should write to JOHN BULL about it, and we duly took up the case and invited the co-operation of our readers to find the missing girl. Their co-operation proved effective and in a few weeks we had the great pleasure of bringing mother and daughter once more together.

The daughter had in the meantime married, but before that, and in the interval following her disappearance, she had had some very trying experiences, about which she did not want anyone to know.

It is a very alarming reflection that girls are constantly disappearing in our great cities. We are continually receiving letters from heart-broken parents, whose daughters have vanished without any accountable reason and without giving any trace of their whereabouts.

There is, for example, Violet Pearson, a sixteen-year-old girl, who disappeared over a year ago from her home at 27, Victoria Road, Great Yarmouth. She is described as a quiet girl, and was a Sunday-school teacher.

Walked into oblivion

There was not the slightest reason why she should disappear, and the only thing that her parents have heard is from anonymous letters posted in the East End of London, saying that Violet was with the writer and quite safe. All efforts to find this anonymous letter-writer have failed.

Emily Sotcher

Then there is a young girl, May Roberts, who was in service in Ilford. She walked out of the house one day, and has never been heard of since. She is described as about 5 ft. 2 in., with a thick-set figure, dark, bobbed and very straight hair, blue eyes, and has a goitre in the throat.

But an even more remarkable case is the disappearance of Miss Emily Rosina Sotcher, of 494, Katherine Road, Forest Gate. No possible explanation is forthcoming as to her disappearance. We particularly invite the co-operation of our readers in finding this lady, of whom the following description has been given to us:

Height, 5 ft. 6 in., fairly heavy build, dark brown hair and grey eyes. She was wearing a long, dark grey coat with a fur collar, a small black hat with red flowers in front, black lace shoes, grey cashmere stockings, light blue silk-knitted jumper and dark blue skirt with pin stripes.

Miss Sotcher, who is no longer a girl, was not in any domestic difficulties or financial anxieties. Her parents are quite comfortably off and she had an excellent home. Moreover, she had a business of her own in Forest Gate, which was quite flourishing.

On Thursday evening, March 12, Miss Sotcher visited the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, with some relatives. She made an excuse to leave them for a few minutes and completely disappeared.

Mystery of the diner

Late that night she posted, at a West Kensington pillar-box, a post-card to a friend of hers, which had evidently been written on the previous day, as it merely announced her intention of going to the Ideal Home Exhibition if the weather were fine.

Obviously she could not have intended to go away for any lengthy period, for she took no luggage with her, and only about £2 in money. Not the slightest trace of her has been found.

Shortly after she disappeared, a lady wrote to her parents to say that she had seen a lady who very much resembled the photograph of Miss Sotcher which has appeared in one of the newspapers. This lady said that she saw a person who had dined twice at the same table at the Ladies' Athenæum Club, 17, Stratford Place, W. The parents had hopes from this clue, but, unfortunately, nothing came of it. It was not found possible to trace the lady who had dined at the club, and, apparently, she has not been there since.

Appeal to "J.B." readers

The girl's father has asked us to say that he is offering a reward of £50 for such information as shall lead to the discovery of his missing daughter, and he asks us to say how grateful he would be if a reader of JOHN BULL *could qualify for this award.*

It does not need much imagination to picture the terrible distress of the parents of these girls who have so mysteriously disappeared. At the back of their mind must always be the terrifying thought that the ruffians associated with the White Slave traffic may have had a hand in these painful mysteries, and may have succeeded, by some cunning and specious device, in luring these girls away, possibly abroad, and holding them there against their will.

We certainly think that the Passport Office should exercise a much closer supervision over young women who are going abroad. We have had time after time distressing cases brought to our notice of young girls who have left their homes in order to join Continental dancing troupes or theatrical parties. Fearing opposition from their friends, they have concealed their movements and nothing further has been heard of them.

Traffic in bodies

They are encouraged to make men friends in the undesirable cafés at which they are often compelled to dance, and it happens very frequently that a friendship is struck up in this way, and the man friend takes the girl away from her employment, and she is never heard of again.

One occasionally hears something of these missing girls through British Consuls abroad, to whom they have been compelled to apply for help after they have been deserted by the men who have pretended to befriend them.

There is, too, a regular traffic in exporting young girls to South America, where they are offered what appear to be very good salaries, but they frequently find when they get out there that they have been trapped by White Slave traffickers.

These, in any case, are some of the reflections that harass, night and day, the parents of girls who have disappeared so mysteriously from home. We are sure that we can tender them the sympathy of our readers, whom we ask to take up this matter as a public duty, and to help us to restore these girls to the homes they have left desolate.

We sincerely hope that their efforts will be crowned with a like measure of success as was obtained in the case of Elise Mendel.

The Sentence of the Court

A FLING AT INGE

Dean of St. Paul's Closed

by HARRISON OWEN

WHEN charged with peddling fish without a licence, Dean Inge "guessed" and "calculated" he was "Not Guilty."

"The exotic language to which the prisoner has just treated us," began Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is doubtless due to the fact that he has lately spent some time under the star-spangled banner, for he is by birth a Briton, although his public utterances are apt to cause one to forget this. Not only has the Dean been hawking certain wares without a licence, but, what makes it worse, the goods in which he dealt were 'stinking fish.'

"The prisoner lately went to America in search of the oof-bird of happiness, and, speaking at Baltimore, he indulged in chortles of praise of 'the German pre-war autocracy,' informed his auditors that the government of Germany under the Kaiser was superior to that of England at the present time, and spoke admiringly of Germany's 'magnificent and nearly successful attempt to conquer the united forces of the Allies.' In fact, the Dean could not have made more impressive military noises if he had been a canon.

"HAVING presented bouquets to militarism, this holy terror proceeded to level bricks at democracy, which, he asserted, 'makes impotent whines, pleads and submits to anti-social forces.' Admittedly the accused, having regard to his addiction to doleful dogmatism, should be a connoisseur of whines, but his habitual aloofness and utter inability to grasp the viewpoint of the ordinary man rob him of all claim to be regarded as an authority on democracy."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that his client was the victim of an organised persecution. Only a few weeks ago he had been before the Court on a trumped-up charge and it looked as if he could not open his mouth without putting his foot in it. As a prophet of woe without due honour in his own country, Dean Inge had decided that it was not fair to give only to the *Mourning Post* what was meant for mankind, and so he had opened a branch agency for his line of dry goods in America.

* * *

"AMERICA," said Mr. Justice Bull, "appears to be a long-suffering country, but its passion for peripatetic elocutionists is to blame. Having seen the Prince of Wales, I suppose our Yankee friends thought they would like to inspect our Prince of Wails. Most of the more or less eminent Englishmen and women who go a-lecturing in America do not cross the Atlantic until their palms have been crossed with silver, and if this was done in the present case I can only hope that the sponsors of this prophet of gloom will be satisfied with their share of the profits of gloom. I imagine that the late Phineas T. Barnum would have paid handsomely for a militarist in holy orders or a Kaiser in a back-to-front collar, and, all things considered, I regret that Mr. Barnum is not still alive.

"In view of his long list of previous convictions, I feel tempted to take the extreme course of sentencing the prisoner to remain in America for the term of his oratorical life, but as I cherish the hope that his visit to a dry country will make him less of a wet-blanket, I shall merely order that he be closed to the public until the completion of the grouting operations at St. Paul's."

Not for Publication

EX-KAISER'S TOUR

Wilhelm's Attempt to Reach England

by "CENSOR"

FIRST of all let me do a little chirping and crowing. Several people have been making nasty remarks about my articles, even going so far as to question the authenticity of my sources. But it so happens that certain pieces of inside information that I have obtained for readers of JOHN BULL have been illuminated in the most startling fashion.

Recall, if you please, what I said long before Budget Day in the House about the general disappointment felt by his colleagues over Churchill's chancellorship. To that I can now add that an influential section of the Conservative Party has interviewed the Prime Minister behind locked doors, and that Sir Robert Horne's name has been put forward as Winston's successor.

* * *

RECALL, too, my statement that an important permanent official had gone to Capetown as a result of General Hertzog's decision to remove the preference enjoyed by British importers. Observe that the visit has not been in vain and that the reasons given by the official were strong enough to induce Hertzog to retain the preference.

Remember what I told you about the certain failure of any compromise between Das and the India Office. I said it at a time when every other paper in the country was prophesying an amicable conference. In the light of later events, who was right?

Note, also, that three days after my recent article on C.I.D. Spies, the Home Secretary made a speech disclosing the facts exactly as related by me.

* * *

ALL this, of course, is very disconcerting for the powers-that-be, and several angry officials are dashing about trying to spot and stop the leakage. As long as I am still at large, I will keep you informed of their movements!

* * *

The latest excitement in political circles has been caused by the appearance of a novel entitled "Young Winkle," by John Hargrave, in which the whole truth about modern finance and economics has been put with extraordinary clarity. The chief character is simply the portrait of a famous living man, whose world-wide activities are being watched with interest and concern by the Governments of at least three leading Powers.

Several members of the Cabinet believe that only one person alive could have written it—and that his name is Reginald McKenna. Certainly some of McKenna's recent statements lend weight to the idea; but, unless I am very much mistaken, Sir Robert Baden-Powell could tell the Government more about the author than could the Chairman of the Midland Bank.

* * *

ANOTHER little matter is causing two or three leading politicians and diplomats to scratch their heads just now. A rumour was lately in the air to the effect that the ex-Crown Prince of Germany had been seen travelling in Italy. The Foreign Office shivered apprehensively, while the general public gasped amazement. Both shivers and amazement will increase when I let out the fact that the Kaiser has been in Germany and Sweden since his exile, and that only an accident prevented his arrival in this country.

The Ex-Kaiser

You have to remember that he is in complete ignorance of the real state of feeling against him; and he had actually got as far as Harwich, travelling incognito, of course, before his intentions were discovered and his movements arrested. However, he has made up his mind to visit us sooner or later!

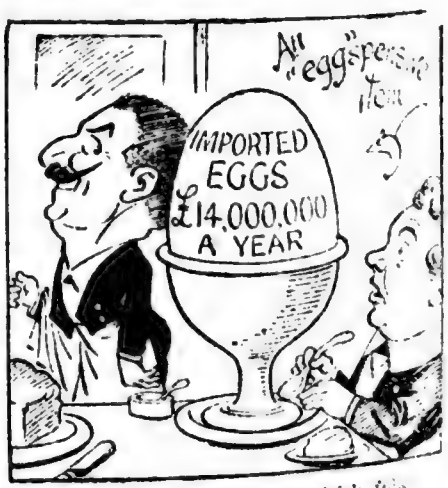
Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

That bonnie son—the little one—
He welcomed as a blessing.
But, truth to tell, that bouncing "ewe"
He finds a bit distressing.

When lovers mate their blissful state
Dissolves alas! too soon!
The radiant glow begins to go,
Then wanes the honeymoon.

This early bird—as you have heard—
Is out to pick a snack up,
But he's to learn that worms will turn
If once they get their back up.



The foreign "yolk" we British folk
At one time much resented,
But such a state of mind of late
We've seemingly repented.

My Plan to Raise Wages

EVERY worker in industry is a human being, and Mr. Ford claims that the wise industrialist will study the humanities of his workers before anything else. He states that when it is a "toss-up" between wages and dividends it is dividends that must suffer.

by **HENRY FORD,**
President, Ford Motor Company

IS the industrial world in danger of collapsing? It has been alleged that, as at present constituted, industrialism is self-destructive and that the night of its suicide is near at hand. When that time comes civilisation will hear the crack of its own unalterable doom. But is it true to say that there is any such danger?

Speaking on the authority of a position in the industrial world that has been attained only as a result of applied intelligence and energy covering a lifetime, I say that, while there are workers with common-sense and machinery of ever-increasing marvel, the future of industrialism is safe so long as there is an intelligently directed power to act as a coupling between those two factors. Of the two there is, in my mind, no question that the human factor transcends in worth and effectiveness that of cold machinery.

But it must not be forgotten that machinery has contributed all-round benefits to mankind. In a dark little shop an old man made axe-handles. He fashioned them from seasoned hickory, with the help of a chisel, spoke-shave and sand-paper. From dawn till sunset the old man worked. His output was eight handles a week, for which he received 6s. 3d. a piece.

To-day better axe-handles, turned out by machines, can be purchased for a few pence.

Ten steps equals £1

Every successful business must be based upon an idea. One man can be responsible for this, but no one man can say, "I built this business." Credit for its development must be shared by all who have shared in the making of it.

Unless this principle is observed the industrial machine becomes a juggernaut which crushes the human element instead of developing it.

I have visited factories and offices, to reach the higher storeys of which meant climbing hundreds of cold, stone steps. Lifts were running, but not for certain sections of the workers. I have seen young girls staggering up and down, tired and listless, while the lifts were standing still waiting for the *élite*. Fifty miles of wasted motion and misspent energy could have been saved by saving ten steps a day for each of those twelve thousand employees.

Studying the man

A majority of the people in the world to-day are not mentally, even if they are physically, capable of making a decent living, and it is sometimes argued that the use of machinery has lessened the demand for skilled workers. I want to go on record as saying that up-to-the-minute methods of production have put skill into plans, management, tool and machine making, the results of which are enjoyed by millions of workers who are described as unskilled.

General principles which I strive to keep in operation are: That a man shall never have to take two steps if he can do the job in one; that no man need ever stoop over; that one thing only shall be done with one movement; that a man shall never be hurried.

I give the men every second necessary, but not one unnecessary second. This policy makes men and machines good friends.

Care in selecting certain types of men for machine work is essential. Repetitive labour—the doing of one thing over and over again, exactly in the same way—is a terrifying prospect to a certain mentality, while to others thought is equally appalling.

People who are physically incapacitated for ordinary labour have been found employment. A blind man or a cripple, rightly placed, can perform just as much work, and receive exactly the same salary, as an able-bodied man would.

Working in bed

An interesting experiment was made with bedridden men in hospital who could sit up. The beds were covered with oil-cloth sheets, and the men set to work screwing nuts on small bolts. Their production was about 20 per cent. above the shop output. They received regular wages, ate and slept better, and recovered more rapidly.

Henry Ford

It is better to employ cripples than to make them.

Safeguarding our machines and making them fool-proof has resulted in practically no serious accidents. Men and machines need careful handling, and it is better to scrap a machine for mauling a man than to sack a man for mishandling a machine.

If an employee is to be regarded as a partner, then this idea must be carried into the wages question as well as the work. A man, when he calls upon others to assist him in the building of his business, admits that he cannot do the job alone; then why should he deny adequate remuneration to those upon whom he makes this demand?

The question of wages is one of national importance, for upon it depends not only the happiness of the individual, but also the prosperity of the country in which that individual lives. If you want to cut the throat of a nation, cut down wages. You cannot make good articles out of cheap material; then why expect good labour for small money?

Men expect to see the fruits of their hard work in their pay envelopes, and it is by these fruits that the men know the boss. The question of wages should be, not "What should a man receive?" but "What can the business stand?"

Profit-making and the public

The only way to make men more efficient is to relieve them of outside worries, and this can best be done by paying them high wages. When I put a man to a machine I increase the power of his hand; he becomes more productive, both to his own comfort and to my business.

It is bad policy to take profits out of the buyers or the workers. Don't cheapen production. Don't cut down wages. Don't overcharge the public. *Make management produce the profits.*

Stockholders who are prepared to take the largest possible amount of cash out of any business can easily be found. I do not want stockholders of this sort. I want as co-partners workers who will invest their labour and their loyalty with me in the proceeds.

To get right business relationships an employer must run what I call a sort of prosperity-sharing plan. Nothing paternal must be intended, although a certain amount of paternalism will no doubt develop. An employer should interest himself sufficiently to see that the homes of his employees come up to certain standards of cleanliness and citizenship.

An incentive to better living must be given, and the best incentive is a money premium on proper living. A man who lives right will work right—and right work demands right money. You expect a man to give his time, ability and energy, therefore it is only just that he and his dependents should be relieved of all money worries. If this is not done, his work will soon tell you so.

Nosey-Parkers in business

So-called welfare work, which consists in prying into employees' private affairs, is out of date. All men need advice and help at some time or other, but the best method to dispense this is to make workable upon a broad basis a scheme of investment and participation such as will do more to solidify industry and strengthen organisation than will any interference from outside.

Although there has never been a time—and there never will be—when every one has too much of this world's goods, when every one is perfectly happy and comfortable, there are periods when we are faced with the spectacle of a world hungering for goods and an industrial machine hungering for work—the demand and supply held apart by a money barrier.

These periodic depressions are the more serious because they are so vast and seem to be uncontrollable. The tendency is to sit down and wait for the markets to clear or to cheapen goods by cutting wages. Such a method throws upon labour the incompetency of a firm's management.

The sanctity of wages

A trade depression usually means that someone has to take a loss, and I maintain that the loss should be borne by those who can afford it best. It is obvious that labour should not be saddled with it. The true idea should not be to make money, but should be to express a medium of service to the many thousands of people who need it.

My ambition is to spread the benefits of an industrial system by the employment of men, and more men; not to build dividends, but lives and homes. If this is to be done it is imperative that the biggest share of the profits be put into the hands of the workers who are the backbone of every productive enterprise. If it is necessary to choose between lowering wages or abolishing dividends—*abolish dividends!*

Wages are sacred, they stand for bread and butter, babies' cradles, coal and light; they mean happiness or misery, life or death. The only justification for great profits is the great joys they bring to the men who produce and share them.

Modern industry run on the lines I have indicated is gradually lifting the worker and not crushing him. The industrial machine, properly handled, will infuse new blood into this great working world.

Employers and men standing together have at their disposal all the machinery necessary to act as the heart within this body which can function in circulating to its head sane and constructive ideas of industrial

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., 10, Downing Street.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Your predecessor in office set the excellent example of treating the League of Nations seriously by ensuring that Great Britain should always be represented in its counsels by statesmen of the first rank. It is disappointing to find you departing from this sound principle and sending to Geneva for an international conference on the traffic in arms no more important representative of the British Government than an Under-Secretary for War. Has it escaped your notice that the subject under discussion is one that touches the very foundations of European peace? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., 11, Downing Street.

MY DEAR CHANCELLOR,—The dead set against the insurance scheme by all sides required to contribute is natural enough, but there is a savagery shown which you must stand up to manfully. You must look further than trades and politicians. A grasping or panic-stricken refusal to risk a penny to make this a better country to live in is the best way to bring in five years hence a Government commissioned to turn everything upside down. In any sound, fairly adjusted plan to keep our widows, orphans, and old people from penury or the workhouse you have the support of JOHN BULL.

To Sir ROBERT WALLACE. K.C., Chairman, London Sessions.

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—Your splendid testimony to the efficacy of the First Offenders Act deserves to be widely read. It is indeed good to know that "95 per cent. of the people put on probation at the London Sessions never come before the court again"; and, as you say, this fact alone is "a complete justification for that method." It remains only to add that the success of the probation system at the London Sessions is in no small measure due to your unfailing habit of tempering justice with mercy. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

DEAR SIR,—You have announced that no portion of the indemnity of £500,000 recently paid by Egypt will be available for dependents of British soldiers killed in the mutiny. Does this apply to all dependents equally, or only to widows whose husbands were not in the rank of officers? If the latter, your decision leaves a bad taste in my mouth. JOHN BULL.

To Miss EASTWOOD, Derby.

DEAR MADAM,—Although you hold but a few hundred shares in Eastwood, Swingler & Co., Ltd., the firm founded by your grandfather a century ago, now the business is in liquidation you announce your intention to pay all creditors in full. Your liability will run into tens of thousands of pounds, but you were "brought up to believe that if you did not act decently you had better be dead." I wish more families were brought up in that spirit to-day.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. EDWARD HARDY, Durley Road, Bournemouth.

SIR,—I agree with the coroner's censure upon your conduct in prescribing morphia for a woman whom you knew to be addicted to the improper use of that deadly drug. Finally she succumbed to an overdose of the poison which had worked her mental and moral ruin. Clearly your duty was to persuade the woman to undergo proper treatment, or failing that to inform her friends that you could no longer be responsible for her medical care. Instead of that you furnished the unhappy creature with the means of killing herself. Surely a strange conception of your professional duty!

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. CHARLES MARKHAM, Chesterfield.

DEAR SIR,—You have offered £1,000 for the best type of small electric locomotive suitable to replace the labour of pit ponies in mines. In the name of humanity I thank you. I hope that the tests now begun will result in a winner being found, and that the day of emancipation for pit ponies from their unnatural sufferings is at hand.

JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. J. B. KIND, Ltd., Burton-on-Trent.

SIRS,—Your natures clearly belie your name. Packing-case makers are paid by you 1s. 2d. per hour as against a minimum 1s. 6d. paid for similar work elsewhere. Women on piece-work at your place are able to earn only 15s. per week. No wonder a strike is on. Such rates are disgraceful. Think what life on 15s. per week must be like, and feel shame, if you can.

JOHN BULL.

To GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON, Esq., M.P., Under-Secretary of State for Home Department.

DEAR SIR,—In promising expedition of the Home Office report on child adoption you give a pledge of a Government Bill—some time. This is too vague. The matter is urgent. The best types of foster-parents are discouraged from adopting by their total lack of legal status, and the children adopted have no claim to support or inheritance. Precise conditions must be legalised.

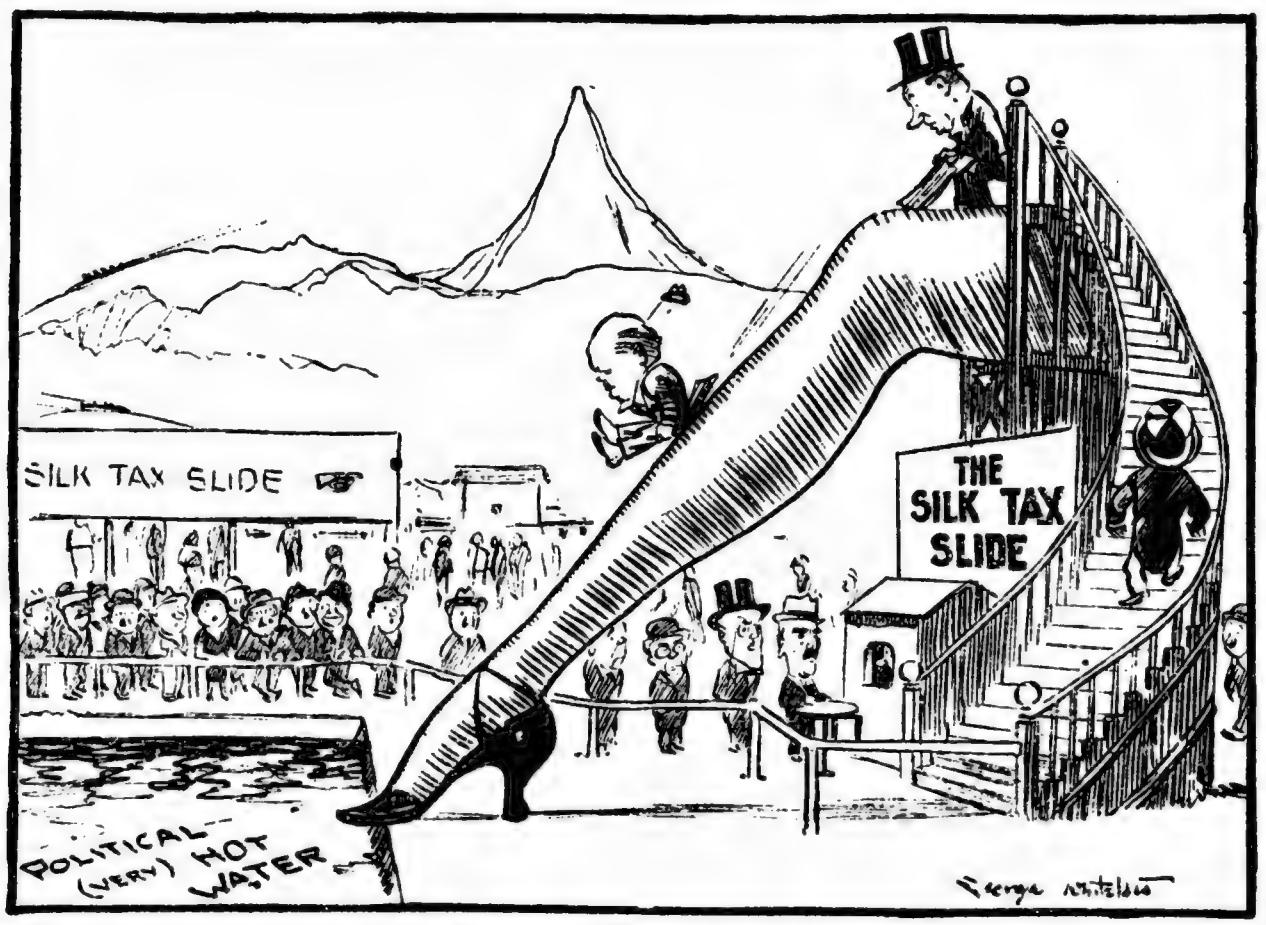
JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR,—We have in this country 20,000 private slaughter-houses, where between 30,000 and 40,000 big animals are killed daily. How many of these are dispatched mercifully by humane killers, and how many by primitive and barbarous methods inducing a state of agonised fear? "Fevered" meat is unwholesome. Public opinion is ripe for a change. Humane killers must be made compulsory by law. JOHN BULL.

To Sergeant J. DORLING, R.A.S.C., Waltham Cross.

DEAR SIR,—You have my deep sympathy in the loss of your only child, a little four-year-old girl, through the collapse of a 10-ft. wall in the courtyard of your home. The rent-collector, warned of the state of this wall, had failed to mention it. The man should have been severely reprimanded and the landlord informed that negligence in repairing dangerous property may be treated as culpable. JOHN BULL.



WHOOPS! WINNIE!

A new attraction not yet to be found at Wembley.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. LLOYD GEORGE:—In politics orthodoxy has been the bane of my life.

It has escaped our notice if you ever suffered from it!

* * *

RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL:—People would like to feel sovereigns jingling in their pockets again.

Why not make a budget of businesslike finance and let them?

* * *

CAPTAIN FOXCROFT, M.P.:—Statesmen and poets are closely allied.

Whereas the alliance should be between statesmen and common sense.

* * *

MR. RALPH STRAUS:—A crime is just an unpopular [illegible]

Dangerous sophistry. Crime is a festering [illegible] that civilised communities must stamp out.

* * *

SIR LANDON RONALD:—There is something wrong with a town of 200,000 inhabitants that cannot [illegible] an orchestra.

When a town provides work to support its inhabitants music looks after itself.

Without Fear or Favour

WE CHALLENGE HOUSEWIVES

The Only Way

WE have nothing to say against the proposed Government enquiry into the administration of the "dole." There is little doubt that large numbers of people for whom the unemployment benefit was never intended have discovered ways of qualifying for it, and are to-day living in deliberate idleness.

We want to be convinced, however, that this enquiry is not going to be made the excuse for removing from the register large numbers of workless who are drawing the "dole" through no fault of their own, and who would infinitely prefer to be earning an honest wage if they could only be given the chance.

There is no doubt that this is already being done to an alarming extent. Wholesale efforts are being made to reduce the number of those in receipt of benefits by means that are, on the face of it, palpably unfair and unjust.

This is just as grave a scandal as the other, and equally warrants enquiry.

The truth is that the "dole" itself is an abuse—and an excuse. It is the duty of the Government, a duty which so far it has lamentably failed to fulfil, to bend every effort towards finding work for those who are at present unemployed.

The real remedy for the abuses and scandals of the "dole" is to abolish the need for the "dole."

We say again that what was possible during the war is possible now. National credit that can be used for destruction can equally be used for construction.

The problem is serious enough to warrant the entire resources of the State being used to solve it.

Hampering Progress

NEW times demand new methods, and much rust on the law needs to be swept away.

It would be too much to expect that the law should travel in advance of public opinion, but there is no reason on earth for the scandalous way in which it not infrequently lags behind.

There is no longer any doubt that legislation is seriously lagging behind science in regard to the treatment of mental disease. It is fortunate that in this instance there is every hope of considerable reforms being effected in the near future.

With the general advance in medical knowledge, however, it has become imperative that the powers of the General Medical Council should be reconsidered.

Derived from Parliament, these powers are absolute. The General Medical Council can—and often does—place an autocratic ban on any treatment of which it disapproves.

Orthodox medicine, however, does not contain the whole truth, as the experience of Sir Herbert Barker has abundantly proved.

What Parliament gave, Parliament can take away. The time has come to consider whether this should not be done.

The Futile Food Report

THE mountain has laboured and has brought forth a mouse, as we foresaw it would. If housewives want cheaper food they must organise to bring the profiteers to their knees. It has been done before. It can be done again

WHEN the Government evaded the problem of dear food and a rising cost of living by the time-worn expedient of appointing a Royal Commission, we said bluntly that nothing would come of it.

The Report is the result of thirty-four public and forty private meetings, and of the examination of ninety witnesses. So far as the Commission is concerned, it has wasted its time, though some of the witnesses doubtless made good use of theirs.

The results of all this labour can be stated almost in a sentence. There is, apparently, no profiteering, despite the fact that "at least some purchasers of bread and meat have to pay an unfairly high price for the loaves and joints which they actually receive."

Sir Auckland Geddes, Chairman of the Food Commission

While the Commission has "discovered practices which are unfair and contrary to the public interest," it does not bring "any general accusation of dishonest trading or of profiteering."

And on top of these conflicting and unsatisfactory statements the Commission says, dealing with the startling unanimity with which "normal" meat prices are fixed in Smithfield market, "To the retailer it is naturally something of a mystery how this normal price is arrived at. We do not pretend to have altogether solved this mystery in spite of enquiries we have made in private session."

As we say, however much the members of the Commission may have wasted their time, some of the witnesses have certainly made good use of theirs!

IT is small comfort to the harassed housewife to be told that "consumers do not sufficiently discriminate in their methods of buying, and are too willing to pay the prices asked by their regular supplier without comparing his prices with those of others."

Is this not in itself an admission that there is profiteering? If not, what else does it mean?

When we come to the question of trusts and combines, the position is even more unsatisfactory. Their existence is admitted. To check their activities we are to have set up a Food Council which will have no legislative powers, but will create an "atmosphere" by means of persuasion and publicity to induce the trusts to behave!

The Commission certainly says: "We doubt whether public apprehension will be set at rest until the State has armed itself with the necessary powers to deal with anti-social actions by monopolies, trusts and combines."

THE Commission is perfectly right, and it is a puerile evasion of responsibility to say that, since there are other trusts and combines than those dealing with food, it would be unwise to set up machinery for dealing drastically with the food trusts.

And again we ask, If this is not an implicit admission that profiteering exists, what is it?

No doubt Sir Auckland Geddes remembers that when Mr. Baldwin was President of the Board of Trade in 1921 he disbanded the Trusts Committee and put an end to the Government Bill that had been prepared by Sir Robert Horne—and he is not willing to risk a severe snub in his turn!

There is small hope for the consumer in this trust-tickling report that the Food Commission has produced.

We still believe there is profiteering and that food prices are a great deal higher than they ought to be.

We believe that housewives have the remedy in their own hands.

They can bring the profiteers to reason just as soon as they choose to organise and do so.

A Big Steal

BECAUSE the reimposition of the McKenna Duties does not take place until July 1, there are loud wails arising from the *Daily Mail* about the terrific "dumping" going on by foreign makers of clocks, watches, gramophones and motor-cars, anxious to get their goods into the country before the tax is operative.

We might remark in passing that, old as is the cry of "dumping," nobody has ever yet been able to define it satisfactorily. Until that has been done, it seems somewhat premature to make a song about it.

It is a little difficult for ordinary people to understand how, in a country that lives by exchanging exports for imports, trade is going to be revived by limiting the flow of imports, and therefore contracting the amount of exports.

That problem, like the definition of "dumping," is one that has never yet been satisfactorily solved.

The *Daily Mail* says it is "a case for prompt action." So it is—but the *Daily Mail* has missed the real point.

There are, undoubtedly, a large number of cars and other potentially dutiable goods coming into the country at the moment that will have paid no duty when July 1 arrives, but will nevertheless be sold at an enhanced price the moment the duty is imposed.

It is indeed "a case for prompt action."

Because the believers in artificially restricted trade have chosen to dabble once more in tariffs, illicit profits are to be reaped by those who are even now laying in goods for that very purpose

There is only one name for this kind of "business" robbery.

The Man Pays

"THE Woman Pays" has become a slogan in the criticism of our social life, but there are occasions when it is the man who pays, and we think, in common justice, he ought not to be asked to pay.

Is it unreasonable for men to say that they ought not to be expected, or compelled, to pay, in cases where the wife has means of her own, for civil injuries committed by her which result in her being mulcted in damages which the husband has to pay.

The simplest example is the case of a wife wilfully libelling somebody and having damages awarded against her. Can anybody say that it is just that a husband, who was, say, abroad at the time, should have to pay for this wrongful act on the part of his wife? Should he have to pay even if he were at home at the time unless she was acting with his sanction and approval?

One might say that it is the duty—or, even, the privilege—of a man to keep his wife in order—a matter which common experience suggests is easier said than done.

This might have been debatable in the old days, when a man was permitted to chastise his wife. But the modern woman being what she is, it can scarcely be argued to-day.

The Latch-key Girl

Mr. H. R. Oswald, the coroner who at a recent inquest emphasied the phase of social life to which our contributor refers

HOW are we using the freedom of which we boast? The question is answered in the following article, our contributor taking the view that many people are making use of freedom simply to go to the devil, confusing liberty with licence.

by
"A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

THE murder of a young girl late at night in the streets of London, a girl sixteen years of age, therefore a child, and yet a child whose head was full of love affairs with boys picked up in the street, is a matter not to be dismissed lightly by any one who studies the tendencies of our time.

One of my correspondents asks me to use this sordid murder as a warning to the mothers of England, telling me that in the place from which she writes, a large manufacturing city in the Midlands, there are just the same processions of boys and girls to be seen in the main streets after dark as are seen in the streets of London and its numerous suburbs.

The whole nation, she says, seems to have gone stark staring mad in a matter fundamental to its safety.

What does she mean? Are we to bother ourselves about these slips of girls in the streets at night, when we have got such matters to think about as German trade competition, unemployment, inadequate housing, Bolshevism, and the many problems of the "dole"?

Loosening of moral sinews

It seems grotesque that any one in England, at a time of such grievous economic crisis, should be concerned about bits of girls loafing in the streets of our cities after dark, each with a boy's arm around her waist. If one or two of them are murdered, and a few score of them become mothers of illegitimate children, what is that to us?—we who are at grips with the very elements of our economic existence?

I do not take this view. It is, indeed, a truer line of thought, I am sure, to seek for an explanation of our economic distress in just such a symptom of moral decay as these straking girls furnish in so lamentable a fashion.

That only one or two are murdered, that only a few hundred "get into trouble," is not the point. The point is that all of them witness to a general loosening of the moral sinews in our midst, and an absolutely fatal carelessness in matters which are fundamentally essential to our well-being.

It is not very long ago that no good mother would allow a daughter even twenty years of age to be alone in the streets at night; and not so long ago that even in broad daylight a lady would not permit her daughters to go about the town without attendants.

The loathing of licence

We jeer at these mothers. We regard those times as insufferable. We thank our stars that Mrs. Grundy has now been laughed clean out of existence. What we do not do is to stop in our laughter and ask ourselves why those mothers took such pains with their daughters. *What was their object?*

They believed, for one thing, in preserving the sweetness of childhood as long as possible. Innocence to them was a thing of really exquisite beauty. But they also believed that to fill a young girl's mind with sexual curiosity was not only infamous but extremely harmful. They considered that it was just as important to guard their children against "knowingness" as against the smallpox.

They were not afraid of freedom, but they loathed licence. Therefore they sought *to fortify the minds of children with intellectual interests and moral principles which would enable them easily to survive the contagion of the world, and to become good, happy, and useful women.* That was the object of English mothers fifty years ago.

Let them go to the devil

To-day we give a latchkey to the girl of sixteen, and ask no questions when she comes back at two o'clock in the morning from a cabaret or a night club. We pitch these children into the furnace of temptation and leave them to take pot-luck with destiny.

We know that they spend so much money on showy clothes that they must be starving their rabbity little bodies of wholesome nourishment. We see them feeding their minds with every kind of excitement, from American films to sexual dancing, and make no effort to give them a healthier form of mental food. We say to ourselves, "They must take their chance with the rest. They know enough not to get into trouble. If they make a mess of their lives, that is their look out."

But what about the nation?—what about *its* look out? Does anyone in his senses believe that girls who begin life with this low and degrading notion of human existence can ever make good mothers?

Of course, if we can do without good mothers, we need not bother our heads any further; we can let these girls go to the devil in any way they choose; but if we cannot do without good mothers, if it is enormously important to us that posterity should be born in happy homes and not in brothels or charitable institutions, then the sooner we get busy in this matter certainly the better it will be for the next generation of our British race.

Some people say to me, "How can you expect the poor, over-driven and harassed wife of a working man to keep her eye on her children, as the lady does, who has nurses and governesses to take care of them?"

Unfortunately for these critics I am better acquainted with the working-classes than they are, and can tell them of mothers living in the darkest slums of our cities who *do* keep an eye on their children, and who succeed, because it is a loving eye, in bringing up the finest and the most affectionate children in the country.

No; the bad mother belongs to no class; and in every class the explanation of her failure is lack of true love. She may think she loves her children, but she has got to learn the very alphabet of love.

Furthermore, the girls in our great cities who are every year swelling the ranks of the vast army of "amateur harlots" do not come only from the poorest families in the land, but chiefly from the black-coated classes.

The very class, indeed, which fifty years ago was the stronghold of English respectability is now the chief source of our moral weakness and our national decay.

The tyranny that's safer

On the whole, I am sure it would be safer for us to place our family life in the care of Mrs. Grundy than under the direction of Mrs. Robinson or Mrs. Dennistoun. Personally, I should not fear the tyranny of Mrs. Grundy in my own home half as much as I should dread the kindness of the other two women in the homes of my friends.

THE UNFAI

The callousness of the man often leads to tragedy by unmarried mothers

A SORELY-NEEDED measure to secure better provision for the care of illegitimate children has been promoted by the National Council for the unmarried mother and her child. The chief object of the Bill, which has been introduced to Parliament by Capt. Bowyer, is to make the father amenable to the law even before the birth of the child and compel him to contribute to the mother's support during pregnancy. The need for the measure is attested in the Registrar-General's record for 1923 that while the death-rate amongst legitimate children in the first year of life was only 67 per thousand, amongst illegitimate children it was 132, nearly double!

Capt. Bowyer, M.P.

The meaning of this tremendous difference is too tragically plain to require explanation. Nor does the case for the Council's Bill require further argument. It is doubtless true that many of the children die because they are not properly fed and tended after birth. But it is evidently true also that many others die because the mother was starved and worried before they were born.

It is not enough that the father should be made to contribute to the living child's maintenance. "The expectant mother," as the Council contend, "might be spared much mental and physical suffering if she could be assured of immediate help and of maintenance for the child when it arrives."

IN a majority of cases, probably, the anxiety and mental agony of the mother are more largely responsible than insufficient nourishment for stunting the vitality and development of the unfortunate children whom nobody wants.

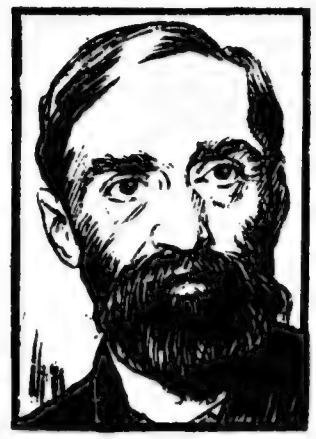
Another hardship which the Bill seeks to remedy is the stipulation in the actual law that only the mother of an illegitimate child has power to make a claim upon the father for its maintenance. Should the mother die, the father is no longer susceptible to legal process.

The statement of the case for the Bill mentions one instance where a father had made payments towards the maintenance of one illegitimate child. When the mother found that a second was on the way, she begged the man to marry her. He refused. She committed suicide. The father then refused to accept further responsibility in regard to the first child. Against such callous

Hawkers of Suicide

WE pride ourselves on the fact that greater care is taken of public health in this country than in any other. It is a black patch on the law that still allows the indiscriminate sale of deadly poisons. While precautions are taken with the primary poisons, "household" poisons slip through the legal loopholes.

by A. G. GARDINER



Sir W. Glyn-Jones, M.P.S., Secretary of the Pharmaceutical Society, who should control the sale of all poisons

As compared with pre-war figures, suicide and attempted suicide show a tendency to decline. This is remarkable and satisfactory.

It is remarkable because you would expect that private despair, disturbance and distresses would have led an increasing number of those people who have a weak grip upon life to cut the painter and give up the struggle. It is satisfactory because suicide is a bad feature in national character.

I fancy that even the vast majority of the weak people who do succumb would not do so if at the moment of depression they had not the convenient instrument at hand, and I think that the gratifying decline in the suicide tendency is due to the control of the sale of poisons.

Certainly another and even more lamentable form of death is due to that cause. I mean those due to accidental poisoning. These used to be as high as 26 per million living, and to-day are only three per million living.

A record in suicides

But there is one black patch in the tale of poisons. So far as suicide and deaths from opium, laudanum and morphine are concerned, they have declined to a lower level than ever before. This is due, no doubt, to the efficiency of the control of the sale and distribution.

It is otherwise with another class of poisons—those known as the corrosive poisons, carbolic acid, hydrochloric acid, lysol and oxalic acid. In respect of these, the suicide rate is not only maintained but is increasing. In the last available return, that for 1922, it was shown that lysol suicides had reached the highest point on record and that the suicides from carbolic acid were more numerous than for thirteen years.

In fact, if we take away the suicides due to the corrosive poisons, both the suicides from poison and the fatal accidents from poison would be quite negligible.

It is necessary to direct the attention of Parliament and the authorities to the matter with more emphasis and insistence. I do not mean by that that new legislation is required.

Poison in sweetshops

The requisite legislation is on the Statute-book, but it is largely a dead letter. In any case, the evil arises because the powers are not strictly enforced, and the distribution of the poison is loose and unrestricted.

The fault, let me say at once, does not reflect on the chemists. If the distribution were solely through the chemists all would be well. But this is not the case.

The position is this. Spirits of salt, vitriol, and aqua-fortis can be sold by any shopkeeper in the country, from a sweetshop to a tobacconist's, providing they be not sold in other than a poison bottle and labelled "poisonous," with the name and address of the seller. That is the law.

What is the practice? In practice, the bulk of the corrosive poisons are sold in oil-shops and drysalters' shops, not at chemists' shops. The reason for this is simple. It may be put in the words of a chemist correspondent in a working-class district of London whose letter is before me.

"It is an everyday happening," he says, "for a beer-bottle or jam-jar or any old container to be presented at my counter with a request for spirits of salt, and for a refusal to supply in such containers to be met with the reply, 'We've had it at the oil-shop in this before and we'll go there again.' I would not like to say how many times in my experience I've had that retort flung at me, and enquiry from chemists in any working-class neighbourhood will prove that it is an ordinary every-day happening throughout the kingdom."

Closely linked with this indiscriminate sale of hydrochloric acid is the question of the loose distribution of carbolic disinfectant. The law permits the sale by any persons of disinfectant containing not more than 3 per cent. of carbolic acid or its homologues, but orders the provision of a proper "distinguishable container" as a safeguard against accident.

Here, again, very little is sold by the chemist. Much is sold by the oil-shop, but in the poorer districts the bulk is sold by the itinerant hawker who is a familiar figure in the back streets with his jugs and funnels and cries of "Karblick." They may be seen any day dispensing their disinfectants, pouring it in anything proffered, from salmon-tins to milk-jugs.

The fatal black patch

There is no pretence of observing the regulations about label and address. Legally the stuff may not be "poison," just as spirits of salt is not legally poison, but the mixture of strong alkali and creosote oil usually dispensed by these merchants is as dangerous to life if swallowed as the pure acid itself.

What is the remedy? I have referred to the decline of deaths due to the scheduled poisons. This is due to the fact that these poisons are by law administered by the Pharmaceutical Society—that is, by the chemists. But the sale of the corrosive acids and the under 3 per cent. carbolic is not controlled by the Pharmaceutical Society. It is controlled by the police.

The plain fact is that it is not being controlled. I daresay the police have plenty to do, and that they have slipped into the habit of disregarding the regulations; but the existence of the black patch in our poison record shows that this attitude cannot be permitted to continue. It operates against the poorer classes, in whom the negligence of the authorities encourages a negligence of their own, with the results that have been indicated.

Death in beer-bottles

It is not suggested that the sale of these poisons should be restricted to the chemists. But it is clear that the regulations should be drastically applied in regard to everybody who sells the commodities.

The police should be instructed to make test purchases from chemists, oil-shops, hawkers and every known dealer in these things, and where the test is not fulfilled, and where the regulations are not carried out, they should put the law into immediate operation.

If this were done the evil would soon be cured and the black patch would disappear. It is monstrous that death should be hawked carelessly from any street barrow, and that it should be possible in poor homes for dangerous liquids to be lying about unlabelled in salmon-tins and beer-bottles.

There is no subject in regard to which we have more reason to be proud than our organisation of the public health. In this matter we lead the world. But this ugly stain must be obliterated.

THFUL FATHER

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

blackguardism, words of contempt and disgust are as unavailing as pinpricks to a rhinoceros.

The Council's report tells us further that recently at the Old Bailey three girl-mothers were charged in one day with the killing of their babes, and several similar cases were brought into other courts in the same week.

The cause is as common as lying. The bewitching tongue of a faithless man beguiles a love-sick maid to folly. When the dread result appears, the man tries to sneak out of responsibility.

WHAT is left for the girl to do? "She has probably lost her work and is obliged to leave her home because of her condition. Very often she sees only one of four courses open to her—either criminal abortion, the workhouse, a temporary life of prostitution, or suicide."

I vividly remember an even worse case. There was a servant girl in Manchester who had trusted and been cheated. Her "lover" allowed her to go into the workhouse. Had he been sued at that time, his responsibility might have been amply proved. But the law forbade. The poor girl gave birth to a child, and was then turned out of the workhouse, without money, or friends, or character, and with the baby at her breast.

The "respectable" young man who had ruined her did not come to her aid. For two days and nights, without food, she wandered about the fields and lanes, frightened and desperate. She came to a river. The baby had cried. She had no food to give it for she had none for herself. In the darkness of the night she threw the baby into the river.

What must she have suffered before she could bring herself to commit that desperate deed! For, however degraded and base a woman may be, a mother is still—a mother.

Then she went and gave herself up, was tried for murder, and sentenced to death. Some humane people intervened, and after much agitation the death penalty was "mercifully" remitted.

SURELY that wretched girl was less guilty than the smug scoundrel who brought her to that desperate plight. She committed crime because she knew that she was cast out and disgraced, and that she had nothing to give to her child but present hunger and future suffering and shame.

In its Pharisaical attitude towards such erring mothers, society has been too careless of their woes to seek the remedy. The National Council is doing work of urgent national necessity in trying to make up for this past neglect, and to save the unmarried mother and her child by securing the protection of the man who owes it.

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See

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Society's Secret Swindlers

ARE we not all hypocritically endeavouring to cure ills that ought to be prevented? Behind all the social and political scandals is an immoral principle that must be destroyed before the world can be put straight

by GIPSY SMITH,
the well-known Evangelist

FOURTEEN million people in this country have fallen victims to the greatest swindle that has ever been perpetrated. The results are seen in a badly housed population, sweated workers, ill-fed children, under-nourished mothers, full jails, revolutionaries and war-mongers. All the horrors of this life and the dreads of the next are the direct outcome of the Great Swindle.

Regarding the housing question, the worst that can be said to indicate the origin of the problem is that children are being denied the divine right to a home. Many of them are like the Holy Babe—born in a stable, because, like Him, there is no room for them in the decent homes of the country.

This state of affairs is thoroughly evil, and evil is the negation of all that which the God of a Christian country like Britain represents. As evil can only proceed from evil hearts, I am tracing back the terrible housing conditions of this land to the foul state of the hearts of men.

Sins of the combines

Look at the facts of the situation: Families of good citizens are now, at the moment, living in the fields, their only covering being canvas stretched on poles; the rain leaks on to the beds, the cold winds attack the constitution of the children. Yet large houses stand empty; wealthy men have two or three, and in some cases five, houses for their use, while combines hold up the supply of building materials in order to obtain inflated prices and thus make huge profits.

The politicians may say: "This is a domestic problem which we hope to legislate for." The stockbrokers may say: "It is the law of supply and demand which is the basis of business." But hear the sobs of the mothers and the coughs of the children and the oaths of the fathers. On the authority of He Who had not where to lay His head, I say, "It is sinful selfishness—a crime against God and man."

Pagan Britain

It may be that some of these men are pillars of the Church and give to missionary funds. But God looketh on the heart, and the hearts of such men constitute the Great Swindle—they are citadels of selfishness. It is more spectacular to give money to build a church for the "heathen Chinese" than to build houses at fair rents for the homeless children in the next street!

There are men and women in the world who are millionaires; they could spend at the rate of £20,000 each week and still be on the right side of the workhouse gates. They live in a land where good men and women earn no money at all, who are willing to work for bread but are precluded. This state of affairs would be a disgrace to a pagan country!

Scattered in various parts of the country are women stitching blood and tears into garments. They receive a few pence for each job. The garment will be worn by some painted woman at some seven-course dinner where the soup costs more than the poor sewing woman got for stitching the garment.

What toil on earth is more severe, exhausting and life-sucking than the strain of stitchery? The "Tale of a Shirt" is still being told in terms of broken hearts and wrecked bodies. The sword and the cannon have made havoc no worse than the needle.

There are 42,000 sewing women in our large cities; their groans cut into the dark silences of the night. Let their sweating employers gaze into their pinched, ghastly, hunger-struck faces. Let them see the trail of tragedy that they are leaving behind in their selfish scamper after gain, and if they have a spark of humanity left they will leave the Great Swindle alone before God rises up in judgment and grinds the oppressors between the millstones of His wrath.

Blood-stained flowers

You will find these poor sweated women all over the country—they are the defenceless victims of the Great Swindle. They are engaged in button-making and matchbox-making and feather-picking and artificial flower-making and shirt-making. They have to walk to the factory to get their stocks because they cannot afford a penny 'bus fare.

Gipsy Smith

In the mountain valleys of Saxony and on the slopes of the Black Forest there are thousands of families engaged from morning till midnight in such work. On Sundays the entire household has to work under rates and conditions that constitute a ludicrous blot on our civilisation. When your kiddies urge you to buy them cheap toys, think of the Black Forest slaves who have toiled to make them—the entire family of five earn a total of one penny per hour.

I am not interested in Socialism or any other "ism," but I am interested in Christianity and humanity. If a plate of soup at the Ritz costs 2s., how much is a lady's garment worth? That is a problem in arithmetic that the Great Swindle answers by sweated labour.

Wealth that is robbery

As I write there are at Monte Carlo and other gambling resorts on the French coast over-wealthy men and women whose idea of honest toil is to sit in an atmosphere that is physically and morally unhealthy and throw on to the roulette-table enough money every night to give all the under-nourished babies in London the milk for which they cry piteously. This is another aspect of the Great Swindle—the sinful selfishness of the heart of man.

I am not saying that no man should possess wealth, but I do say that "if a man doth not work neither shall he eat." I feel sorry for those who are idle because of their wealth.

According to the theory of true religion every man should give before he gets; should produce before he consumes. In the course of a lifetime a wealthy parasite consumes a whole harvest and a drove of cattle and breathes forty hogsheads of good pure air. By some kind of communal usefulness he must *pay* for this.

A man's wealth is only justified if he earns it and if he regards it as a trust to be used for the best interests of his fellow-man. Every wealthy man who is using up his energies by doing nothing, and who hoards or wastes his money unproductively, is evidencing a selfish nature. It is the Great Swindle.

The most unhappy women in the country are those who have no engagements to call them in the morning; who have breakfast brought to them in bed, and then lounge dully through the forenoon in slippers and dishevelled hair reading the latest sex-novel. They take their beauty sleep after lunch, spend two hours on their toilet, and the night in the fetid atmosphere of some night club.

Why are our jails full? Why are there "waves of crime"? Why are the papers crowded out with reports of blackmail, thefts, cat burglaries and frauds? It is because one of the theories of the Great Swindle is, "Get something for nothing." Look at the recent law cases. They are records of men and women who selfishly try to get much for very little.

Smeared society

A man is blackmailed out of £150,000. It is divided up; but where has it gone? It has been passed on to others of the "Something-for-nothing" school. One of the men admits that he is now poor—he lost his share at the gambling-tables. Someone else got it as easily as he did.

A married woman gets £12,000 out of a man by being faithless to her marriage vows. She disgraces the title which the King had graciously bestowed on her wronged husband. Another prominent society woman admits living in sin with a man so that she and her husband should gain by it. So the foul catalogue reads on until I have to wonder whether society life is not so unnatural that it is positively rotten with the putrefactions of its sins.

The essential triangle

Politicians have their share in the sham. One politician jockeys for position by talking of widows' pensions. When his opponent introduces them no one is so indignantly vociferous as the first politician. One takes a tax off food and his opponent sneers because the remission has been absorbed by the "capitalist."

Meanwhile, agitators are playing on the feelings of the people, who become mutinous and revolutionary, but all this is but another aspect of the Great Swindle. My contention is that it is the deliberate attempt to run the world on the theory of Selfishness which is productive of all the sores and sorrows of life.

In the past we preachers have thundered to the people about the torment of hell; we have tried to frighten them away from Self and scare them to God. I believe that we have to coax them by Love—we have to love them from Self.

That is my solution for the world's problems: Love, Brotherliness and Co-operation. If there were true brotherliness in the House of Commons, there would be wiser and selfless legislation instead of self-seeking, place-hunting manœuvring.

If there were genuine co-operation in industry there would be no sweated labour or deliberately engineered unemployment. If there were real love in the world, the homeless would be housed, the destitute cared for, and little children given a fair and equal chance.

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MILLIONS FOR MURDER

HUMAN lives are the pawns used in the grim game that is being played by the Great Powers. And the huge bill for this is paid in blood and money by the common people

by Professor HENRY MORDAN, B.Sc.

THE "next war" has begun. Already, while most of the countries of the world are crippled with war debts, and while a maimed humanity still bears the scars of the shambles of the last war, the forces of Armageddon are gathering and the mad race for world-power is on.

The British firm of Hadfields, Ltd., has invented a new armour-piercing shell for 16 in. guns. It "heralds an epoch-making development in naval gunnery." It also sounds the death-knell of thousands of happy young lads now in the first gay flush of youth, who will be called upon to bear arms when the armament race reaches its inevitable climax.

Let me make clear what this invention really means. It is well known among people who have been "in the know" that for at least a couple of years after the last war had begun our shells were anything but perfect, and it was mainly because of this that many German ships at Jutland, although hit frequently, managed to return safely to port.

Madness at play

Our shells could not penetrate the thick German armour, and the result was that most of them exploded harmlessly on the sides of the enemy's warships. Armour-piercing shells at that time would have made an enormous difference in the course of the war.

But we had not these shells then. We are going to have them now. And while *we* have them, the other great Powers must take steps to bring about the invention of an armour that can resist these shells, or strengthen their navies in other directions!

It is a crowning paradox of this mad game that even the inventors of the shell make every endeavour to produce a new armour plating that will resist their own invention!

This new Hadfield shell, however, is only one move on the war board. The United States Government, having resolved to postpone the calling of a second Arms Conference, is increasing her navy. A mine-laying submarine, which will cost over £1,000,000, was laid down last week; two large cruisers and several big submarines are to be laid down in August.

In addition, peace-loving Uncle Sam sends into the Pacific to frighten the Japanese the largest assembly of manœuvring warships ever seen. It is a significant display of strength in view of the anti-American demonstrations that have been taking place in Japan, and the recent embargo on Japanese immigrants to the United States.

Sir Robert Hadfield

In the meantime, Japan is not idle. She has produced a new type of cruiser which, the experts tell us, "will reduce very considerably, the relative fighting value of most *British* cruisers." Thus, we are to be drawn into the quarrel whether we want it or not.

Four of these ships are under way—the *Furutaka*, *Kako*, *Kinugasa*, and *Aoba*—the first-named having been launched on February 26. They carry a heavier armament than any other modern cruiser of corresponding tonnage, and their gun-power is tremendous.

Competition in crime

Such signs are enough for any one who has watched the nations pile up arms against one another before. The end is inevitable. Japan and America are obviously arming against each other: but against whom is France arming?

France, borne down by a crushing war-debt to Great Britain, owns the greatest fighting air force in the world to-day. She cannot find money to pay her debts, but she can find francs to pay for aeroplanes and warships.

France's programme is as ambitious as the others. It was passed a fortnight ago by 422 votes to 29 in the French Chamber, and it stipulates than nineteen new vessels are to be laid down, including one big cruiser, an air-craft carrier, and nine submarines. By 1931, at the latest, France will have the most formidable fleet of light surface and submarine craft in the world.

Moreover, the new French type of cruiser is designed so that it will be capable of running down and sinking the new cruisers being built by Japan and America!

Kill the monster!

It is also inevitable that Great Britain, whose life depends upon her navy, must be drawn into this terrible race for power. The Hadfield shell is the beginning.

It seems no time at all since we were talking about "the war to end war," and sorrowing mothers were vowing "never again." To-day, these sorrowing mothers of Germany have returned the war chief Hindenburg to power, and it needs only a match to set the whole world ablaze again.

There must be no more war, no more bloodshed, no more wasting of the sons of weeping mothers. From every platform in the country, from every school, from every book that tries to lead us anywhere at all, the same message must come—No more war!

The newspapers must come into line and preach the gospel of peace. The parsons in the pulpits must forget the flags of the regiments resting in the churches and see only the face of God pleading for love and not hatred. Individually and collectively, we must all of us kill the monster of War now!

The Angel of Release

Beyond the Gates of Death

by PHILIP INMAN

THE other day I sat by the bedside of a very old man. There he lay, emaciated and diseased, a pitiful object to behold. I could not help feeling that life had become so poor a thing that he would welcome death in exchange. I was wrong. In a feeble voice, this old man begged for another chance to live. He was not afraid of death itself—he was concerned about the dying.

Strangely enough, this seems to be a common experience. As the end of life draws near all sense of fear vanishes. It seems to them the most natural thing in the world when it comes. It is the thought of giving up life and the parting from loved ones which matters.

But to everyone there must come, sooner or later, the inevitable end when life has to be surrendered. What lies beyond in the Unknown? What is going to await us when we come to that stage? Does death end all? Men of every age have asked these questions.

THE desire of the human mind to know the unknowable is reflected in the imaginations of poetry, the prophecies of the seer and the pious hopes of the religions. Sorcery and witchcraft of ancient days find their counterpart in the palmist or fortune-teller or spiritualist of to-day.

I suppose it is only natural for one who has stood by countless deathbeds to think about this subject. Without doing so how could an answer be given to this cry of agony and wonder which I heard the other day: "If only I knew I should see him again"? It came from the heart of a woman, grey-haired and sorrow-stricken. She had just left the dead body of her husband. They had been all in all to each other for over forty years. It seemed just the picture that Albert Chevalier made immortal in "My Old Dutch":

> "When we must part, as part we must,
> I pray that God will take me fust,
> To wait my pal."

SO in the hour of parting this widow turned to me with a look of passionate yearning in her eyes. "If only I knew I should see him again." Those who have lost loved ones have felt the same longing. It comes almost unbidden as an antidote of hope to counteract the unspeakable anguish of loss.

What can be said in reply? In the face of life's tragedies, the argument against an all-good and all-powerful Creator seems well-nigh overwhelming. The death sentence is often executed with a torture which no earthly monster would dream of using against his worst enemy. Think of the agonies of cancer, of epilepsy, of consumption, and remember that these foul and loathsome complaints are no respecter of persons.

YET surely these afflictions make up one of the strongest arguments in favour of another world. If this earth ends all, then, for the majority, life is a sham and a delusion.

A few months ago I watched the passing of one who was more dear to me than life itself. Unconsciousness settled upon the beloved form, and slowly but peacefully the end came, and a look of unutterable calm was written on her features. Am I to be told that I shall no more see the object of my warmest affections? I hold with Tennyson:

> "Thou wilt not leave us in the dust,
> Thou madest man he knows not why,
> He thinks he was not made to die,
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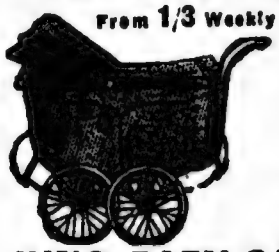

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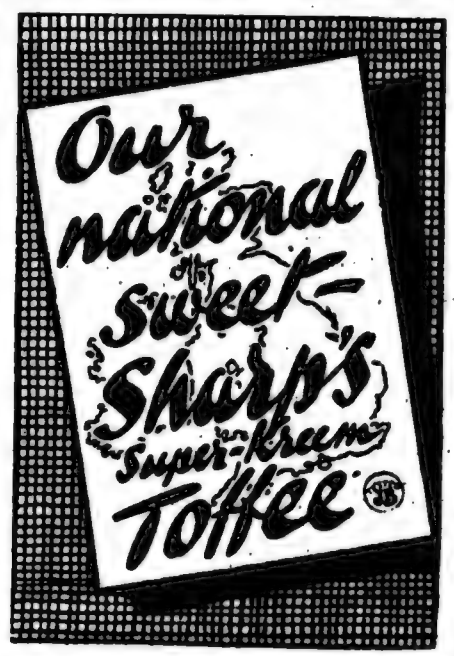

Words winged to Women

Criminals in Cradles

Five Hundred Little Jail-Birds

by **MABEL HORNER**

ONE day, being possessed of a special permit for that purpose, it fell to my lot to interview a prison official in a well-known Northern town. I found him superintending the activities of a squad of men engaged in cleaning out and renovating a disused wing of the jail. He showed me round. There were more than five hundred separate cells in that wing which had not been used for some time. But now, circumstances, according to authoritative opinion, pointing to a coming need, it was being reopened.

Here is the point which concerns women—that prison section, with its five hundred separate and solitary little cells, was being prepared for *juveniles deemed no longer fit to remain in association with their fellows.*

Crowded juvenile courts

During the war it was hopefully stated that when the fathers came back from military service the problem of child delinquency would automatically cease. "Boys of high spirit, especially boys in rude health, were too much of a handful for mother alone to manage."

Well, the war has been over long enough for another generation of children to come into being, and the problem of the child delinquent grows steadily worse. Children too young to remember the war, with its attendant horrors and loosened discipline, crowd our juvenile courts.

Magistrates take different ways with the trouble. One the other day went so far as to say that when parents confess "The boy is so unruly, I can do nothing with him," they, and not the child, should be birched. It is easy to condemn; less easy to help.

But in justice to mothers, who must perforce be the parent most responsible during the tender years of childhood, it must be stated that this age, with its broadening outlook in so many directions, needs new methods taken in child training.

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth."

The truth, unpalatable perhaps to us of the older generation, is that children of to-day are more alive and keenly intelligent than their parents were at the same age. "Do as I bid you because I say so" is not sufficient reason for these enquiring minds. They must be taken on their own level and treated accordingly.

Mr. Clarke Hall, the London magistrate, who encourages parents of unruly children to visit him for advice.

In the physical welfare of children during the last twenty years we have taken enormous strides. Information as to food, clothing, air, sunshine, breathing and sleeping has been broadcast. Why not now begin a similar campaign with regard to the growth and welfare of the child mind?

Amusing babyhood

A child's mind will not grow straight of itself. It needs training and care. The little naughtiness, self-wills, and selfishnesses, that often appear amusing during babyhood, may grow on unchecked until later they take that deplorable aspect of "badness" that ends in police court and reformatory.

A tiny child at first lives entirely by sense impressions. Through eyes, ears, nose, sense of touch, he lives only in the present. Very gradually does his consciousness extend to the point of relating his sense impressions to other streams of consciousness—namely, the life of others as distinct from his own.

Scoldings that sour

From the first moment of dawning consciousness it is the mother's privilege and duty to teach baby how to become a social being, having no right to indulge his own likes and dislikes. Little brother must restrain his noise if it causes baby sister to lose her beauty sleep. Little sister must not leave her toys scattered for others to trip over. Cleanliness and tidiness make less work for mother, and all must unite in making things pleasant for father when he comes home tired.

This is the constructive as opposed to destructive methods of training, which consist merely of violent scoldings and punishments which antagonise. It can be carried on through school life. A child can be trained into a social being. He can be taught to accommodate himself to a social order where set codes of honour and law must be observed.

Once coroners' courts were kept busy sitting in inquest over children killed by wrong feeding. Now such cases are seldom heard of. Be equally scientific with mind-training and juvenile courts will empty. The hundreds of little jail-birds need not materialise. Mothers can make child crime a thing of the past.

A Future Without Men

by **Dr. CHARLES WHITELOW, M.A.**

A MOTHER came to see me this week, bringing with her her seventeen-year-old son. The lad had left school three years ago, left it with high hopes of a good job and a safe entry into manhood. He has never worked for more than a week at a time.

He could not find work, this lad who made a high place for himself in his class and left with personal recommendations from his own schoolmaster. For three years he had tried desperately to get a billet, taking any little odd job that looked like becoming a permanency. But for the most part he had tramped in vain.

As he stood in my study he looked the picture of abject despair. His spirit was gone, his mind had run to seed in the harrowing task of seeking something that wasn't there. He was no nearer becoming a man than when he had left school.

THIS boy is the man of the future. If he were an isolated case we should have little cause to worry. But he is not an isolated case. His problem is the problem of thousands of our good boys.

There is no work for these lads. They leave school and are flung on to an already overcrowded labour market which can do nothing for them. For a time they struggle hard and do everything in their power to get work. Then gradually the wasted efforts begin to tell, they lose their spirit and do not bother to seek work.

It is easy to become a criminal when you have nothing else to do and do not know from where your next meal is coming.

Even if these boys do not lapse altogether and seek their fortunes and their livelihood in the underworld of crime, it seems to be forgotten by society at large that not only are they unemployed, but they are becoming unemployable.

SURELY we are asleep to the grave menace to ourselves in allowing our future manhood to be wasted away in this terrible manner. Individual effort to alleviate the plight of some of the boys is good, of course, but it does not take away the problem altogether.

In the case of the boy I have mentioned, the boy whose mind was gradually becoming affected by his unlucky lot, I was in the fortunate position of being able to do something for him and his mother; but I feel that a greater effort should be made by the Government to get rid of this danger to the country.

It is folly to throw on the labour market schoolboys who could better be preparing themselves for the struggle of life by an additional year of training in the vocation they want to enter ultimately. Instead of carrying on with the ordinary school subjects, they could be given training in office work, shorthand, typing, carpentry, rudimentary engineering, salesmanship, seafaring, plumbing, motor-driving, etc.

SUCH a year would increase their efficiency and establish self-confidence. It would also ease the labour situation until conditions improved.

If it is argued that such a scheme would be a hardship to the parents I can only say that it is infinitely preferable to the body-rotting, mind-wasting hell of unemployment.

How to Keep Well

Clear Complexion

by **A Wimpole Street Physician**

SOAP and water, fresh air and the prevention of constipation are the best things for the skin. Not the most expensive of complexion creams can give the fresh bloom that comes from the daily tub and a brisk walk in the open air.

The most common causes of a sallow complexion are indigestion and constipation.

A glass of hot or of cold water first thing in the morning often helps to prevent those troubles, or sometimes the glass of water half an hour before meals is better.

After the daily morning bath (or at least a sponge over with cold or tepid water) a brisk rub down is necessary. Tepid water is really better for the middle-aged.

If the water is a hard water it is best softened with a teaspoonful of borax.

If the skin is inclined to be greasy it is best to put a little oatmeal in the water.

Always be most particular about keeping sponges and face cloths sweet and clean.

No trace of soap should ever be left on the skin; it should be washed off.

If the skin feels rough after coming in from playing a game, or if it is inclined to peel from sunburn, it is best to rub in a non-greasy face-cream, and leave it on for five or ten minutes, before washing in softened warm water.

There is no harm in ladies using face powders so long as they use good ones.

Cheap face powders are a false economy, as they may contain harmful ingredients.

Don't use too much powder; and rub in a non-greasy face-cream at bedtime.

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Anæmia comes on gradually, beginning with languor, irritability, and a feeling of fatigue. Later comes palpitation of the heart, and then headache and backache. Constipation is generally present. Usually the complexion takes on a greenish-yellow pallor.

There is no need to worry in a case of this kind. The treatment is quite easy and simple. Dr. Williams' pink pills are just the tonic to remedy this wretched state of health. The rich, red blood created by these pills will soon cause the peculiar pallor to leave the face; strength and energy return; the backaches and headaches will go.

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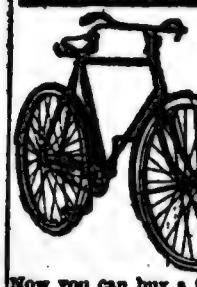

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Haman Documents

The Brand of Cain

A Debased Father—A Happy Ending—Mistaken Devotion

"IT is now several years since my brother suffered the extreme penalty of the law for an act which any normal man, receiving the same provocation as he had at the time, would probably have committed. Yet, how easily people forget the circumstances of the case and mark us with the stigma of his crime!

"Our family of six, three brothers and three sisters, have suffered beyond measure through the sin which brought him to the scaffold. We live in a small rural town where we are well known, and even now, after the passage of years, we are pointed out to curious strangers as relatives of the ——— murderer.

"WE have often thought of emigrating to a land where our unfortunate connection with the crime would be unknown, but the nature of our everyday work will not allow this. So, friendless and despised, we have to bear the brand of Cain that is so cruelly put upon us by an unsympathetic world.

"None of us has been able to marry, nor have we any hope of being able to do so. Who wants a murderer's brother or sister for husband or wife?

"If people would only help to bury the past, how much happier life would be for such as us. My heart bleeds for other hapless souls who are condemned to a living death, a life of ostracism and exile from social amenities, in circumstances similar to our own. But what can we do, except grin and bear it, though our hearts are bitter with rebellion against the injustice of humanity?"

"Humanist" says:—*I think you are condemning humanity unjustly in your sweeping generalisation, and allowing your grievance against a few to become an obsession. There is a world of sympathy for such as you, if you will but accept it. The friendship of people who would spurn you for your brother's sin is not worth having. Yet, surely, the world has not grown so callous and cruel that you are entirely friendless!*

"TWO years ago our mother died, and fifteen months later, without consulting us or even telling us of his intention, our father married a woman who, before our mother's death, professed to be a friend of the family. This woman has considerable private means, and as our father has always shown a very mercenary disposition, we presume that her financial condition was the attraction for him. He sold our home, and has since declined to have anything to do with me or my brother and sister.

A Selfish Father

"The latter, who has always been in delicate health, suffering from neurasthenia and mental debility, was, until recently, in an institution. The medical officer agreed to allow her discharge if a suitable home could be found for her with relatives. I assured him that this could be done, and wrote to my father, telling him of her discharge, and asking him to make a home for her with my stepmother.

"Receiving no reply, I took my sister to his house. His attitude towards us was disgusting, and I had to bring my sister away after hotly expressing my contempt for the manner in which he debased his fatherhood.

"At present my brother and I have to maintain my sister, who is t venty-four years of age. We are neither of us earning much, and the situation is causing us serious deprivation. Can you advise me how to make my father realise his responsibility and help to support my poor invalid sister?"

"Humanist" says:—*You should tell your father that if he does not help you will be compelled to apply to the relieving officer for assistance. The guardians would take steps to recover from him any moneys expended on your sister's behalf, and the knowledge of this may lead him to alter his selfish attitude rather than have his meanness publicly exposed.*

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

A SINNER'S S.O.S. ANSWERED.

READERS who remember the despairing cry for help from a young woman chained in London's leprous underworld, who begged that her little sister might be saved from the same bondage of vice, will share "Humanist's" delight in the happy outcome of her appeal for assistance. Temporary arrangements had been made for the care of the younger girl, and "Humanist" was striving to secure the release of the elder sister from her slavery to sin, when he received the following message:

"Dear Humanist,—Your letter has been following me about from place to place. However, eventually I received it, for which many thanks. It is awfully kind of you to offer to help me further, but I won't have to trouble you any more.

"The greatest thing has happened. An old friend of mine whom I hadn't seen for about five years has just come home from abroad. He is anxious for me to marry him. I told him everything. In spite of it all he was so determined, and as I—well, don't dislike him—I've agreed, and we're getting married to-morrow. I am on my way to join him now.

"One of the jolliest things is that we'll be able to have my little sister to live with us. So, you see, I believe you really turned my luck. Here is my thanks."

"MY father-in-law has lately suffered from an illness which results in intense debility, and on two occasions his state of health has been so low that transfusion of blood has been necessary.

Giving His Life-Blood

"Twice my husband has offered himself for the operation, with the result that the old man has been temporarily invigorated and restored to some semblance of health.

"During the last three months, however, the patient has again been on the decline, and it is evident that a further sacrifice will be called for. Once more my husband has expressed his readiness to give his blood for his father.

"But, Humanist, I feel that this attitude is not fair to myself or to our three children. His constitution, I am sure, suffers from this draining of his life-blood, and I fear that if he gives more his strength may be permanently undermined.

"I have argued with him, pointing out the uselessness of bolstering up the health of an old man who might well be allowed to die a natural death, but he refuses to listen. Must I continue to suffer through his devotion to a mistaken sense of duty?"

"Humanist" says:—*You should consult the doctors. They will not permit the operation if it is likely to be injurious to your husband's health. He can still carry out what he conceives to be his duty to his father. Most hospitals nowadays have registers of persons willing to undergo transfusion, and he can pay some one else to give blood.*

A Drunkard's Daughter

"Can I marry a girl of sixteen without her father's consent to save her from the dangers of a drunkard's home? She often has to seek refuge with my mother."

"Humanist" says:—*No. Let her live with your mother until she is of a more suitable age to marry. Her parents cannot prevent that, and later they may give their consent.*

One of Seven

"I am a widow with seven children, one a boy of fifteen. There is nothing for him to do here except run the streets and get into bad company. He wants to go to sea, but I don't like parting with my first-born. What do you advise?"

"Humanist" says:—*Let him go, by all means. At his age a naval career offers splendid opportunities, and though it may be a wrench now, you will feel proud of him later on, when he is able to support you instead of being an anxious burden.*

Stripping the Home

"I was married at nineteen, and a year later my father died, leaving me a comfortably furnished house. Since the war my husband has changed into a drunken brute who won't work, and he is gradually selling my home, and squandering the money on drink and betting. Can I do nothing to stop him stripping the home?"

"Humanist" says:—*Your husband has no right to dispose of property left to you by your father. See the police court missionary, and if your husband does not mend his ways apply for a separation order.*

The Bar Sinister

"My fiancé was an illegitimate child. Need this make any difference to our marriage? We are both of age, but if my parents knew they would try to stop it. I have heard them speak of the 'bar sinister' and say that an illegitimate man's children are illegitimate, too. Is this so?"

"Humanist" says:—*Bury the secret between you. The "bar sinister" need not worry you. You can legally marry, and your children will be quite legitimate, and can inherit their father's property, though he cannot inherit from his father if the latter should die intestate.*

A Husband's Debts

"My husband was recently sentenced to five years' penal servitude. I am anxious to pay some of his debts so that he can start with a clean slate when he comes out, but the guardians, who allow me 25s. a week for myself and my child, say I must not use the money for that purpose."

"Humanist" says:—*The guardians are quite right. Your sentiment does you credit, but it is a mistake. If you do not look after yourself and your child properly with the money given you the guardians will compel you to go into the workhouse*

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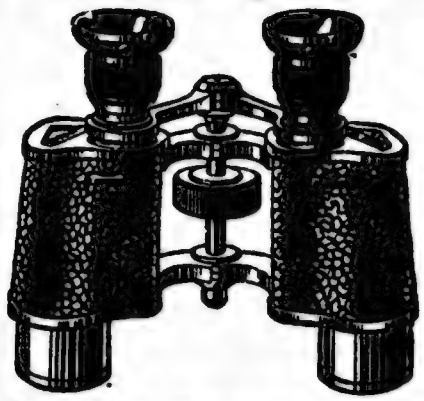

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"My Leg was in an Awful Condition with POISONED SORES"

says Sgt.-Comm. W. O. Potts, 63, Sandyford Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne

Drawn from a recent photo.

"WHEN stationed at Aden with the R.G.A., I fell off a diving board and landed on some sharp rocks. Pieces of skin were torn out of my leg and shoulder.

"Poisoned sores broke out and my skin was soon in an awful condition. The sores were continually being bandaged up and treated in different ways, but my leg and shoulder got gradually but decidedly worse.

A Soldier-Chum's Wisdom.

"I had been suffering like this for a considerable time, when a comrade advised Zam-Buk. Getting a supply of the balm, I dressed my sores, and was pleased with the relief I got from the pain and soreness. As I persevered with Zam-Buk my leg and shoulder were soon in fine condition. This splendid balm had drawn out all poison, removed stiffness and replaced the sores with firm healthy skin. After this I always had some Zam-Buk handy. I reckon it kept me out of hospital scores of times.

"Since leaving the Army I've seen many a nasty sore or injury made better by Zam-Buk, both at home and in the shipyards."

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FREE SAMPLE BOX for 2d., from ZAM-BUK CO., LEEDS. Mention "J. B." 16/5/25.

Our Letter Parliament

Redress for the Ex-Soldier

Employers and Disabled—Secretive Politicians—Builders' Tricks

War is Hellish

It is up to us to inform our younger brothers and children of the grief and sorrow that war brings to our doors, and the misery and degradation after war is over. I have had my health absolutely ruined by the late war. I get 24s. a week pension, no unemployment benefit or any other income, and have to keep a home going.—*Regular Reader, Yorks.*

Cannon Fodder

The article by General Crozier on the ex-Service men will find a response from thousands of angry hearts. We ex-soldiers, now out of work, with hungry wives and kiddies to feed, never visualised such a time as this during the terrible days when we were fighting the "war to save democracy." What a mockery of a phrase! All war is cruel and men have had enough of it. No longer will they be content to serve as cannon fodder. —*Ex-Black Watch, Ayr.*

Mad Armament Race

The great desire of all thinking ex-Service men is to try and bring about a cessation of the mad armament race. Britain, being one of the world's leading Powers, it is up to her instead of building weapons of destruction to try and bring about a better feeling abroad, and we shall certainly not do it by suspicion of our neighbours and this mad competitive building. I was a lieutenant in the Royal Air Force during the war.—*C. T. Dodd, Norfolk.*

No-War Sunday

If we only had as leaders the two statesmen—namely, Stanley Baldwin and Lloyd George—who quote the sentences, "Give peace in our time, O Lord," and "God help the women and children if another war broke out," as outstanding figures of an offensive it would prove their sincerity to the community. Why not set aside a Sunday for a no-war demonstration? How splendid it would be to see in large headlines of our daily Press "No More War" instead of "Spectacular Raid by Bombing 'Planes." —*F. Bainton, Essex.*

From Workhouse to Workhouse

The cause of the ex-Service man and the cause of world peace are things which every right-minded and thinking man and woman must support. Yet I know that to-day the nation has forgotten the claims of these men. Day by day I have seen them, struggling and broken, along the roads, travelling from workhouse to workhouse. In comparison with these poor, wretched victims, many who, like myself, are partially disabled, have been dealt with generously. The one hope for the future, the peace of the world, rests with ex-Service men of all countries.—*H. G. G., Sussex.*

Weakness, Not Strength

The dreadnoughts, submarines, and all the paraphernalia of war, are the outward signs of a nation's inward weakness, and not its strength and invincibility, as so many apparently believe. When a general, who is bound to know what he is talking about, appeals to his countrymen to display real patriotism, and not superficial, a hearty response should be given by all ex-Service men. True patriotism, and not its counterpart—the outcome of mob-madness and herd-instinct—will aid the ex-Service men who have been fooled by the "artful dodgers." I write as an ex-Service man, who like thousands of others has experienced the horrors of warfare.—*Padre, Cardiff.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

It's "Tommy Lad"

When a nation is in peril it calls on its men folk to defend it. They incur wounds and hardships, and are in many cases incapacitated for life. When the trouble has blown over, they are forgotten! When will men learn sense and see that war is a futile thing leading us nowhere but to death and suffering. Ex-Service men have been cruelly treated in this and every country.—*Hector, Glasgow.*

No Cripples Wanted

I went to France in the beginning of November, 1914, and got wounded in the head. After coming out of hospital, I went up the line again and got buried in a mine. I lost the sight of one eye. I remained out in France until three months after the war, and then got my discharge. I went after a job as a motor driver. I saw the manager and he asked me if I had been in the Army. I gave him my papers. The answer I got was, "I don't want any cripples out of the Army." Let those who make war fight it, and let us have peace. —*E. G. B., Ipswich.*

No Rank, No Creed

My impressions, based on my own bitter experience, is that there is only one way in which we ex-Service men will ever obtain a standing in our own country, and that is by forming a powerful organisation consisting of every ex-Service man in the kingdom, in which rank, creed, partiality and individual gain do not exist, having only that spirit of good fellowship fostered in the trenches and the earnest desire to help each other. As far as I am aware, there is only one ex-Service men's organisation in the country, the British Legion, but I have no hesitation in saying that that organisation is inadequate.—*Ranker, London.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"NEWCASTLE SUNDAY SUN":—"MIX the CATS WITH THE MILK overnight."

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL": — "EVENTUALLY the fire WAS NOT got under control."

"DAILY MIRROR" (serial): — "The MOTIONLESS white hands turned and SETTLED THE PILLOWS COMFORTABLY."

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"YORKSHIRE EVENING ARGUS" (advert.): — "Two-roomed BUNGALOW, smart, for sale; RUBBER TYRES."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO":—"It is particularly GRATIFYING to read that the steady INCREASE in drunkenness which has been taking place for some years STILL CONTINUES."

Demobilised at Sixty

If we demobilise from industry all men over sixty years of age, and, instead of giving the dole to youngsters and demoralising them, give these older men what they deserve—a security in the form of a pension—we shall be strengthening the character of the citizen and exterminating the germ of discontent, which is only bred by fear of the future.—*Thomas J. Mooney, Cardiff.*

Work and Play

The Creator when planning our planet, arranged that each revolution should take twenty-four hours, which possibly suggests that He intended the twenty-four to be divided by three—eight hours for work, eight for recreation, and eight for sleep. The medical profession advocate eight hours' sleep as essential to health, Nature demands leisure to enjoy mental or physical exercise. That leaves eight for work, which has been proved to be the most economical working day, the worker being at his best both mentally and physically.—*H. G., Irlam.*

Tell the People

No sooner is any Government elected than it completely excludes the public from its confidence. The average citizen has not the faintest conception of what is really happening. The result is general irritation and uncertainty. The Premier who has the common sense to take the people into his confidence will carry the nation with him.—*Perplexed, Devon.*

Cunning Contractors

Contractors under building schemes (Government subsidy) are paid an additional 10 per cent. if employing 75 per cent. of local men, ex-Service preferred, on labouring work connected with the job. Contractors are receiving the 10 per cent. ex-subsidy funds, but proper men are not being employed. They take on men who may be on tramp, and are therefore not local, and send them to the nearest exchange for temporary cards. Contractors are not keeping to the condition of a subsidised contract.—*R. E. Ferguson, Ayrshire.*

Disabled Trainees

The writer of the "Candid Communication" addressed to me in your issue of April 25 puts an incorrect construction upon my remarks at the Portsmouth Pension Committee meeting. I raised the question of disabled trainees, because I felt there is something radically wrong. Sad cases have come to my notice where men have been unable to find employment in the work to which they have been trained, with the consequence that they have finally been driven to apply to the guardians for relief. Is it due to the state of trade, or are employers chary of engaging disabled men?—*A. Toms, Portsmouth.*

Wheels and Woes

The remarks about railways under this title may mislead your readers. There are few, if any, commodities less than 50 per cent. over pre-war prices, at which railway rates now stand. Railways are not squealing because of road-motor competition. What they resent is that these competitors have their road provided free, and two-thirds of the maintenance cost paid by ratepayers, of whom railways are the largest. If cheaper fares can be charged on roads the public have to pay £33,000,000 a year for that privilege. Is there any other industry which does not dismiss staff when trade is bad?—"*Railways.*"

Rich Man, Poor Man,

And a missing witness.

"TINKER, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man, apothecary, thief."

The words of the childish game we used to play with our buttons came to mind as we considered one of the everyday tragedies of life recently brought to our notice.

There was no tinker, unless, perchance, he was the missing witness.

The victim was a tailor who had been a soldier. He was waiting for a 'bus in a fashionable London suburb when he was knocked down by a motor-car. So severe were his injuries that it was a week before he regained consciousness.

MEANWHILE, his wife and four children were left without means of subsistence. Bravely, the woman struggled under the crushing blow, saying nothing to her husband, lest the worry should retard his recovery.

With no money coming in while the breadwinner was laid aside, she could not pay the interest due on a mortgage. The little home was sold up, and she and the children were turned into the street. After weeks and weeks of suffering, her husband came out of hospital to find his home gone and his family scattered.

Did the rich man show no interest in the poor man's plight? All he did was to report the matter to an insurance company, so that he might be protected in the event of an action for damages. But the only witness could not be found, so that he was not troubled.

Yet who shall say that this rich man who withheld sympathy was not a thief?

"THE Greatest of These—" Fund rescued them from despair, and is helping them to recover from the blow.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Dunstable parcel: Jim Mulholland, 5 dollars; "Jessie," 5d.; E. H. R., 6d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; E. [illegible], 2s. 6d.; "E.W.," 7d.; Miner's Wife, 6d.; Chorley's Ninth, 1s.; "E. Beatty, L.M., Workington," 4s.; A. R. Reader, 6s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Saltcoats, 6d.; Poult's Three Weekly ninths, 1s. 9d.; R. E. Lycett, parcel; Phelo, 1s.; Snowball, 2s.; J. Bateman, 2s.; Boundstone Ninth, 1s. 4d.; W. W. Becks, 3s.; Uxbridge, 2s. 6d.; P. D. Hinton, 6d.; "Tishy II.," 6d.; Nancy Jane, 1s.; Betty's Ninth, 9s. 6d.; Manchester, 1s. 9d.; A. Thom, 2s.; M. C., 3s. 5d.; E. T. Huntingdon, 3s.; H. E. May, 1s. 1d.; P. C. Pearson, 2s. 4d.; For One Bad Case, 3s. 6d.; Pocklington, 6d.; A. K., 10s.; Benjamin Butler, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; H. J. G. (4th Donation), 2s. 11d.; Portslade-by-Sea, 4½d.; H. C., 1s.; "Sprig," 1s.; T. P. 9th, 1s.; Black Cat, 1s.; J. Porteous, 1s.; K. B. H., 6d.; Traveller's Tribute, 5s.; Stoke-on-Trent, 12s. 3d.; "K. W. G. P.," £1 (acknowledged in previous issue.)

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

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The solution of Cross-words No. 14, which was published in our issue of May 2. The 1,000 prizes have been despatched and a list of prize-winners can be seen at this office.

This week's Cross-Word Puzzle will be found on p. 38

What shaving paper do you use?

By RUPERT

If you use a "cut-throat," what paper do you wipe it on? The shaving aristocrat probably uses specially prepared paper. Tissue paper is good unless it is crinkled, in which case it is fatal. Any paper will do as long as it's smooth. Ordinary newspaper is as good as any.

The Romans, so we are told, shaved with iron razors. They must have been men of iron will—imagine an iron razor on a frosty morning!

MUCH TOO STERN

Somehow the idea of a Roman shaving at all is ridiculous. They seem much too stern, much too dignified, to do the same thing as quite ordinary men. Fancy a Roman soldier polishing up his shield to use as a mirror, and performing his hasty scrape before he went on sentry-go.

I suspect that Julius Cæsar never let anyone see him perform on his chin. How could he have earned the respect of his legions and gone down to history as the man he was, if his servant, having taken in his hot water, had gone back to the mess with a tale of how Cæsar had hobbled from his couch at an early hour, had cut himself badly, and was now endeavouring to stem the gush of blood with his toga?

A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR

No! I suspect Cæsar's shave was a very private affair. An operation over which he felt as bashful as he did when he had to admit, at an official banquet, that he had tried several hair restorers.

The good old days. Bah! The Romans had never even heard of Easy Shaving Stick.

Yes I can tell you why I am so pleased with Life
It's Easy to explain, just why I love my wife.
I shaved this mom in half a tick
It was my Easy Shaving Stick
that did the trick

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Window-Dressers at Work

Epsom News—Guarding Ptolemy—Lucky Lambton Makes Good

SINCE my last notes Manna, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, has deposed Ptolemy II. from his position of Derby favourite. In my opinion, Manna is a miler, and I hope punters will not step in to take the window-dressers' prices.

Not Another Captain Cuttle.

The Beckhampton colt will most likely be a six or seven to one chance on the day of the big race. I may be wrong, but I do not think Darling's stable shelters another Captain Cuttle.

They Fail at Epsom.

Manna won the Guineas comfortably, but Newmarket is not Epsom, and winners of the first of the Classics have not covered themselves with glory in pursuit of the Blue Riband of the Turf.

Sunstar Hobbled Home.

Sunstar achieved the double event in 1911 on three legs. Since then there has been a succession of failures. The substitute war Derbies, of course, cannot be taken into consideration.

Steve's Mount.

Despite all the rumours to the contrary, Donoghue will have the leg up on Ptolemy, providing the colt wins the French Guineas. If Mr. Cohn's horse succeeds in winning at Paris, I would prefer to back him at Epsom rather than Manna. Ptolemy II. is a descendant of Flying Fox, one of the few horses to win the Guineas, the Derby, and the Leger. He should possess stamina.

I Gave Sansovino Each Way.

Cross Bow now appears to be Taylor's selected, and not his neglected. I still think he is the best each-way bet in the race. This time last year I was fortunate enough to stand or fall by Sansovino as the best win-and-place wager. Lord Derby's horse stood at fifteen to one. This price should be obtained about Cross Bow.

'Tecs Guarding Ptolemy.

Mr. Cohn, Sir Gallahad's owner, is taking no risks with Ptolemy. He does not intend that the dopers shall interfere with his horse's chance at Epsom. For some time past Ptolemy has been guarded by detectives at Chantilly, and from now on the colt will never be left. If I remember rightly, the Panther was the last Derby hot-pot to be got at. Some kind "gentleman" managed to give the horse an apple infected with powdered glass.

"Lucky" Lambton.

My little hint to follow Lambton once he struck a winning vein has not taken long to bear fruit. Mandelieu, 11 to 2; Kentish Knock, 100 to 8; Conquistador, 6 to 1; Sansovino, 2 to 1; Highbrow, 7 to 2; Spithead, 6 to 1, are his latest successes. This is only the start; there are many more to come.

What Hopes!

A friend of mine who is staying at a hotel in the South of France, wrote to me the other day. The waiter "who does for him" is very interested in English racing, and wanted to know what chance Sansovino and Cockpit stood of winning the Derby. My reply was brief: "Not much!"

The French Three-Year-Olds.

My French correspondent tells me that he has had a chat with several of the big French sportsmen who visited Newmarket for the Guineas. They were all of the opinion that their three-year-olds can give ours a few points. I suppose this is only natural, but I pass it on because I know that with so many good horses in training the French will have to exploit some of them. Another big French contingent is coming over for Ascot, and I know that they are going to attempt to win the Cesarewitch, in view of the dearth of stayers in this country. That is a long way ahead, but I shall be having a look round for the Aga Khan's Vermilion Pencil. The judge said this youngster won by fifteen lengths at Chester. He was not a good judge of distance. I should have said twenty lengths.

Stanley Wootton's Young Jockeys.

Stanley Wootton is not only a genius at "placing" his horses to win, but he also excels in training the young idea. This year's surprise packet is Sirett, of City and Suburban and Victoria Cup fame. Sirett is going to be another Frank Wootton. His style is pretty much the same as Frank's, and he makes for the rails every time. I have often seen Frank endanger his life and limbs at Alexandra Park in order to obtain the coveted position. A friend of mine told me that it is one of Stanley Wootton's standing instructions to his jockeys "to hang on to the rails." Young Marshall is another clever apprentice in the hands of Wootton.

Young Sirett, Stanley Wootton's clever young jockey

It's so Cruel.

Some of our dear old M.P.s are at it again. They don't like the Grand National. It is cruel—and they suggest legislation to make the jumps simple affairs. I could put forward at least half a dozen forms of sport which are infinitely more brutal to animals than steeplechasing. Stag-hunting and fox-hunting seems to be overlooked altogether.

Win, Tie, or Wrangle.

I have heard some queer cases in the Courts in my time, but the recent action of the French backer who sued for the return of his money because his horse was left at the post wants a little beating. The punter's argument was a non-starter. Needless to say, he did not win the action.

One to Back Next Time Out.

Gay Comet will most likely win for R. Sherwood the next time he runs. This may not be until Whitsun, but do not miss him.

213 Entries—13 Runners.

Thousands of pounds must be thrown away yearly by owners who pay entrance fees for horses which never face the starter. I noticed that two hundred and thirteen horses were entered for the Two Thousand Guineas. Thirteen of these took part in the race. Entries for the Derby totalled 328, but I do not anticipate a field of more than thirty.

Exit Town Guard.

As I warned readers last week, Town Guard has broken down for good, and forfeit is being paid in all his engagements. That, however, does not prevent some of the "enterprising" bookmakers quoting the horse at short rates in the Ascot Gold Cup lists. You can take it as certain that the horse has done with racing, and if after this you get caught by bookmakers eager to lay him don't blame me.

Returning the Compliment.

We hear so much about French invaders that we are apt to overlook the fact that there are trainers and owners in this country who are inclined to return the compliment. I hear that Silvo goes to Auteuil for the big Paris Steeplechase, and unless the handicapper is unduly severe he will have a sound chance, because the French steeplechasers are not up to standard this year. Anyhow, the horse is fancied.

Thirty Consecutive Losers

Smirke carried all before him last year. This year he cannot do right. He has ridden thirty consecutive losers.

PITHY PADDOCK PARS.

Down at Hurst Park a dainty maid
Said, "I'm going nap on Purple Shade
That bookie's face is just that tint."

* * *

So were his words, which we can't print.

"What fools these mortals be," said Puck
When heavy wagers come unstuck—
Stable outsiders quite unbacked,
By winning show more speed than tact,
And bring the layers rich delight,
You must admit that Puck was right.

A novice bookie, somewhat green,
In a tiny field of seventeen,
Said: "Two to one the field I'll give."

* * *

He rests in peace. Too good to live!

SILVER RING.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Birmingham Mail, Irish Independent, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Bristol Times and Mirror, Sheffield Early Bird, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Liverpool Sporting Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Belfast Irish News, Mid-day Sporting Chronicle.

A 2 K X W V T 3 C L U R B D

H Y I J E G O M F P N Q S Z

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. BOSWFHU would read ST. BEGAN.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from May 13 to May 19.

Horses to Follow

CARAVEL.—I have always had a high opinion of Caravel. The Victoria Cup revealed him as the best miler in the country.

IMPRUDENCE.—One of the features of the Chester Cup was the run of money at the last minute for Imprudence. He finished fourth, a position he occupied in the Great Met. Imprudence will win a long distance handicap.

FACILITY.—This one of Tabor's was very unlucky not to beat Zithern Filly at Hurst Park.

SATAN BEY.—A certain winner in the North. Finished fourth last time out.

GYGES.—One big backer put £240 on Gyges to £2,000 for the Chester Vase. The horse was trounced by Vermilion Pencil, but the fact is worth noting for future occasions.

ZETTA.—This splendidly bred filly by the substitute Derby winner Gay Crusader and Zinovia, a Cambridgeshire winner, will go on scoring over short cuts.

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Place Doubles and Trebles.
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THE DERBY. Run May 27th.

33 Alcararas.	40 Pensacola.
50 Aske.	16 Picaroon.
33 Ayas.	50 Pleasant Pass.
66 Braadelys.	33 Pons Asinorum.
25 Bucellas.	66 Princeps.
50 Captain Swift.	33 Priory Park
100 Captivating Hack.	8 Ptolemy II.
8 Conquistador.	100 Repertoire.
40 Constantius.	100 Right Arm.
50 Creeper	25 Roidore.
14 Cross Bow.	25 Runnymede.
25 Dalmagarry.	40 Sereth.
66 Dandaloo.	66 Sherwood Starr.
33 Dignity.	60 Silverado.
25 El Cacique.	50 Sir Kenneth.
25 Ethnarch.	100 Skymall.
66 Father Confessor	9 Solario.
66 Field Argent.	40 Solitary.
50 Flying World.	20 Sparus.
50 Foxlaw.	50 Spelthorne.
25 Ginger IX.	10 St. Becan.
33 Glomman.	50 St. Croix.
66 Golden Eaglet.	33 St. Napolean.
40 Grandpre.	66 Starosta.
50 Gyges.	50 Sunderland.
50 Highbinder.	20 Sun God II.
33 Imperator.	66 Swiss Guard.
66 Justificateur.	40 The Mahdi.
50 Kentish Glade.	40 The Sirdar.
6 Manna.	33 The Virginian.
100 Mark Twain.	66 The Wolf.
50 Marksman.	25 Tissaphernes.
50 Masked Marvel.	50 Tournesol.
66 Mendora.	100 Traveller's Joy.
100 Mikael.	40 Tredigny.
66 Mint D'Or.	33 Vicot.
33 Mohammed Jamal.	33 Warden of the Marches.
100 Motley.	
50 My Crackers.	33 Warminster.
66 Oak Ridge.	7 Zionist.
20 Oojah.	

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(No References Required).

Prospective Clients unable to give usual references may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with me. When sending money as guarantee please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened.

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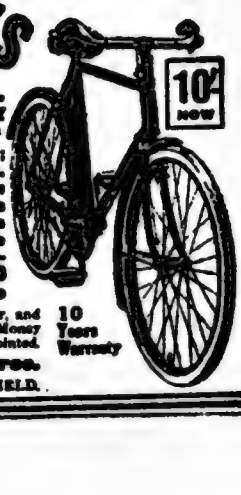

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On holidays, when you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home, it is not the LIVER—it is Bowel Indigestion which causes that troublesome CONSTIPATION. CICFA removes that trouble. READ THE REASON WHY.

You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and as a consequence your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel, the Starchy part, like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., is formed into little hard, dry masses, or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation. Your Bile Circulation is defective. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel and carried on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel.

Your blood becomes more impure, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

Cicfa ensures digestion of the Albuminous food in the Stomach and the Starchy food in the Bowel, improves the Bile Circulation, checks fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal, and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, aids and induces the formation of such Digestive Ferments as nature requires.

"5, Mornington St.,
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"Dear Sirs,—

"I feel I would like to tell you the benefit I have received from taking your Cicfa tablets.

"I have suffered greatly from Indigestion and Acidity in Stomach for years, and was advised to try them at Easter. After taking three bottles, commencing with six a day and then reducing them, I have found I am completely cured, that I have no need to take them for myself, but keep them in the house, as my wife uses them when attacked with Wind round the heart. I have recommended them to quite a number of people; in fact, I have just taken some to a friend who has not tried them. The reason I have not written before is that I wanted to be sure it would not return, and I still find I can eat anything now without feeling any sign of that old complaint.

"Trusting that others will find the same benefit as me,

"I remain, Yours truly,

(Signed) "H. W. COZENS."

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS

In Stomach	In Bowel
GASES in STOMACH with eructations.	GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.	Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.	ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE Coated White all over.	TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.	COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.	EATING disliked or loathed, Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.	PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must remove that Indigestion by restoring Digestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia.

Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia, or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, **while any remedy which can Cure must ensure the Digestive Ferments to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.**

Cicfa can do this, because **Cicfa gradually restores Digestion** along the whole alimentary tract.

18,710 BRITISH DOCTORS

have already taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa you can purchase it and begin using it at once.

Sold Everywhere. Prices 1/3 & 3/-

THE CICFA CO., (TRADE JB)

8, Duke Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1.

ALL EDISWAN VALVES ARE REDUCED IN PRICE

from May 6th, 1925.

IN order to encourage the greater use of wireless during the summer months, the following reductions in the prices of Ediswan Valves have been made.

Type.	Old Price.	New Price.
A.R.	11/-	8/-
R.	11/-	8/-
A.R.D.E.	18/-	14/-
A.R.06	21/-	16/6
P.V. 5 D.E.	30/-	22/6
P.V. 6 D.E.	22/6	18/6
P.V. 8 D.E.	30/-	22/6

There is an Ediswan Valve for every set.

Ask your Dealer.

Advt. of
The Edison Swan Electric Co., Ltd., 123/5, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4

Radio Talks

Hearing Big Ben Twice

by Professor A. M. LOW

(Vice-President and Fellow of the Radio Association)

TO the man in the street broadcasting is the beginning and end of its sphere of utility. In the far future the study of radio may lead to the lighting of our houses by wireless, and will in all probability give us an increased comfort of life second only to the discovery of coal.

Wireless will certainly connect the nations of the world together. It will remove the terror from travel, and the day is not far distant when we can fly to India and back in a few days and listen, without great complication, as we arrive at Bombay to an account of our children's health from their mother speaking at her fireside.

I do not propose to deal in these monthly notes with the great question of "how to make"—except in a few instances of special cases. To-day the public are not only interested in the number of stations they can receive; they ask for genuine service.

THERE are a number of simple experiments by which wireless sets can be improved and their users made at home with the "why" and "wherefore" of the sounds we pick up from the æther.

To those who live within the sound of the chimes of Big Ben it is very easy to hear the hour strike twice—first from the wireless set as it is broadcast, and then again after the slowly travelling sound has reached us, not through the ordinary æther, but through the waves of air.

This little experiment teaches one great lesson. The sound we hear by wireless is not exactly true to the proper note. Why is this?

In the first place, the note of a bell or music has to be converted into rapid changes of electric current in order that these changes may be conveyed to the actual wireless wave through the æther. To do this some kind of telephone mouthpiece or microphone is necessary and, unfortunately, the very small movements of the air which convey the music to the first telephone or microphone in the broadcasting studio are so small that the telephone cannot reproduce them accurately. It is too heavy to move quickly enough.

AFTER this comes the electrical apparatus, which first uses wires before the music is trusted to the æther. This electrical apparatus is not so delicate as the æther, and, consequently, distortion occurs.

There, at least, is one advantage of the cheap crystal set which certainly gives purer and better music than any other form of this cheapest apparatus. When broadcasting first became popular, microphones used to be complicated things arranged in three parts to take high notes, low notes and S sounds. Sometimes when the S microphone was adjusted too much a man who said the S at all loudly sounded as if he had lost his false teeth.

To-day a very light coil of aluminium wire is used which vibrates near an electric magnet and which, consequently, produces the little changes of electric current which in turn affects the actual broadcasting apparatus.

Britain's Best Broadcasting Sets

Prices again Reduced

Consequent upon the reduction in the prices of

MARCONI VALVES

The General Electric Co., Ltd., are able to announce a further reduction (operative as from May 6th), in the prices of the world-famous

GECOPHONE

GECOPHONE Two Valve Cabinet Set

Wireless Receiving Sets

The sure way of obtaining maximum enjoyment of broadcasting is to use a GECOPHONE. Convincing testimony to its simplicity, ease of operation and extraordinary efficiency has been received from users in every corner of the Kingdom.

There is a GECOPHONE Model to suit every purse.

Prices from £2 : 10 : 0 to £117 : 14 : 0

Obtainable from all GECOPHONE Service Depots, Wireless Dealers, Stores, etc.

Manufacturers and wholesale only—
THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., LTD. Head Office—Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Reduction in Prices

of all types of

B.T.H. RADIO VALVES

Effective May 6th, 1925

THERE are no better valves in all the world than B.T.H. Valves—and few (if any) as good. The substantial reduction in prices noted below will make the advantage of using B.T.H. Valves even more evident than it was before. They are made in the Mazda Lamp Works, Rugby.

TYPE	CHARACTERISTICS	OLD PRICES	NEW PRICES*
GENERAL PURPOSE TYPES			
R	Filament Voltage ..... 4 Volts Filament Current ..... 0.7 Amp Max. Plate Voltage ..... 100 Volts	s. d. 11 0	s. d. 8 0
B 3	Filament Voltage ..... 1.8 Volts Filament Current ..... 0.35 Amp Max. Plate Voltage ..... 80 Volts	18 0	14 0
B 5	Filament Voltage ..... 3 Volts Filament Current ..... 0.06 Amp Max. Plate Voltage ..... 80 Volts	21 0	16 6
POWER AMPLIFYING TYPES			
B 4	Filament Voltage ..... 6 Volts Filament Current ..... 0.25 Amp Max. Plate Voltage ..... 120 Volts	30 0	22 6
B 6	Filament Voltage ..... 3 Volts Filament Current ..... 0.12 Amp Max. Plate Voltage ..... 120 Volts	30 0	22 6
B 7	Filament Voltage ..... 6 Volts Filament Current ..... 0.06 Amp Max. Plate Voltage ..... 120 Volts	32 0	24 6

***The prices of Radiola Wireless Receivers and B.T.H. Amplifiers sold complete with valves are also reduced by corresponding amounts.**

B T-H

Advertisement of The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.

2328

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. See note at top of last column on this page.

P. T. (Victoria).—"Spring in the air! I love it." Sorry, but we don't feel energetic enough to oblige you.

J. C. (Sydenham).—"I only live partly in London." You sound as if you're not all there.

C. A. (Egham).—"I am inclined to think . . ." We notice, however, that you haven't yielded to the temptation.

B. N. (Birmingham).—"What's up with you?" Primroses and daffodils coming on nicely, thank you.

EVA H. (Leicester).—"I have had three proposals in a week." So you can be married as soon as you choose.

B. J. B. (Conway).—"I won five pounds at ten to one." And we'll wager you'd spent it all by ten past!

C. V. (Torquay).—"I shan't go away this year." Don't be silly. You *are* away!

G. E. L. (Binfield).—"Politics must be kept within bounds." The politicians see to that—with fencing and hedging.

"WORKER" (E. 2).—"Taxes on food always hit the poor man hard." And, unfortunately, always below the belt.

T. V. (Chepstow).—"I am going to do a little betting this season." If you carry out this resolve literally, we will congratulate you.

J. G. (Enfield).—"Yesterday I proposed to the dearest girl in the world and she accepted me." It's no use expecting us to get you out of your trouble.

O. L. (Accle).—"People hate other people to whisper in company." Excepting, of course, when the whisper's loud enough to hear.

"CUNIC" (Denham). — "Marriage means one thing to a woman, another to a man." To the one it provides her keep, to the other his keeper.

P. L. (Thatcham).—"I would like you to see my garden." It was thoughtful of you, anyhow, to send samples of the soil on your letter.

THOS. P. (Lechlade).—"I think postage ought to be reduced." Some of our correspondence makes us feel that it should be absolutely prohibited.

BERNARD D. (Fulham).—"How do you regard films?" Either from the one-and-threepennies, or with a complimentary (if possible).

M. E. J. (Rotherhithe).—"Why keep birthdays? What does it matter what day any one was born?" You are evidently one of those who don't care a fig for dates

G. N. (Harrow).—"Fancy waistcoats at 1s. 9d.!" They can't be very fancy at that price.

G. M. (Fulham).—"A new infant welfare clinic has been opened here." New infants will be delighted.

B. N. V. (Dorchester).—"I'll bet the story I enclosed made you laugh." Years ago.

J. T. D. (Islington).—"I was absolutely floored by your leader." It was certainly a very striking one.

P. O. (Bromwich).—"Have you ever seen a man fool enough to bother with spring-cleaning?" Only a watchmaker.

MRS. F. (York).—"A man isn't always as black as he's painted." Nor a woman nearly so pink.

'TILDA (Nelson).—"My young man is sure of a promising future." Not an I.O.U. future, we trust.

M. H. (Scarboro').—"I expect to be very full at Whitsun." You do anticipate the feast beforehand.

MRS. A. (Walsall).—"Like a fool, he left her the day they married." A fool and his honey soon parted.

A. M. B. (Bradford).—"I've bought a bulldog, but it's not a bit friendly." If you teased it a bit the animal would soon become attached to you.

G. N. (Staines).—"There is a tremendous demand for inventions of the small things of life." A luminous, loud-speaking collar stud, for instance.

G. G. (Victoria).—"I've written a serious song, without a chorus, but eight publishers have refused it." They evidently want you to refrain.

N. N. (Eastbourne).—"He called me a poor worm." Well, even if you were, you could always manage to make both ends meet.

F. N. (Teddington).—"£36 was obtained by the sale of old tins from the dust heaps here." Mr. Ford has his agents everywhere.

G. M. (Southend).—"For years I've pleaded for what's right." Then it's time to get busy or you'll only get what's left.

GEO. P. (Cardiff).—"Some fellows change their rooms for lodgings when they're hard up." And others change their tickers for tickets.

BERTIE (Oxford).—"I must say some of your articles make me think a little." The most amazing thing we've accomplished yet.

H. J. (Egham).—"My husband comes into the scullery and criticises my work." Ask him to dry up.

MRS. L. (Lancaster).—"I once saw a big earthquake." And we often notice big ground rents.

"MOTHER" (Mansfield).—"Babies are more important than battles." And the play-pen is mightier than the sword.

T. B. (Blisworth).—"Some music-teachers are simply swindlers." They, undoubtedly, advocate sharp practices.

M. M. (Belper).—"Is a melon a fruit or a vegetable?" At this time of year it's a luxury.

E. P. (Woolwich).—"The two got fighting, but I daren't interfere." You preferred to keep an alarmed neutrality.

MRS. L. (Burnley).—"It hurts me more than the children when I whip them." But not in the same place.

REV. C. J. (Leeds).—"Money is man's enemy." But most of us in this case find it easy to love our enemies.

JOHN B. (Twyford).—"Do you think jazz tunes will kill Folk Songs?" "Oh, no John, no John, no John, No!"

FRED J. (Brighton).—"I *do* hope girls won't have to give up silk stockings." You're suffering from calf-love, we fear.

W. P. R. (Hornsey).—"I haven't read a book for years." Then it's high time you turned over a new leaf.

MARY D. (Alexandra Park).—"I am constantly getting into hot water in this house." Evidently not one of those bathless dwellings.

JANET P. (Fritwell).—"It is not true that a woman is mean and catty because she is thin." Nor that she is double-faced because she is double-chinned.

"FEMINIST" (Homerton).—"Spinsters will one day represent the nation in Parliament." Most people fear they would miss-represent it, too.

ERNEST F. (Iver).—"Does it help a man socially to put up for Parliament?" Possibly he stands to gain standing by standing, particularly if he gains the seat.

"PEACE-MAKER" (S.E. 5).—"If only people would sink their differences!" There would be less drain upon their tempers.

D. B. Y. (Totnes).—"I have put the matter in my solicitor's hands." The same sensation could have been produced by putting a blank cheque in your wife's.

A. C. WILLIAMS (11, Beech Walk, Crayford).—"My £250 in *Bullets* No. 559 follows a previous First Prize in *Bullets* No. 457." So you've brought off a *Bullets* "double." So have we—by doubling the First Prize to £500 this week.

J. M. (Trafford).—"He said that at a séance a spirit shook his hand." And pulled his leg?

HERE are a hundred-and-one words of wisdom, written by the wisest man who ever lived: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is everyone that retaineth her."

If you are in need of sage counsel in any of the affairs of life, JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service will place at your disposal the accumulated wisdom of many years' experience.

J. N. M. (Uxbridge).—"What is the capital of the U.S.?" Billions.

MRS. L. (Brighton).—"I am curious to know just what you stand for." Merely, dear lady, as a change from sitting down.

H. M. (Bristol).—"My dentist sings in local concerts." Does he tell the audience that it isn't going to hurt much?

A. N. (Twickenham).—"Our servant is fired with enthusiasm." Have you found some one to replace her?

C. E. (Worthing).—"I never charge extras." That's capital. Then we will bring all our little extras with us.

J. McD. (Aberdeen).—"Excuse me writing on both sides of the paper." We expected it as soon as we saw the postmark.

P. I. (Bermondsey).—"Isn't the weather trying?" It is, perhaps. But it's not succeeding.

C. T. A. (Cromer).—"The car was smashed, and we didn't know whether we were on our heads or our heels." So you proceeded, no doubt, ahead on foot.

J. Y. (Holborn).—"A burglar is necessarily an optimist." He must be, if he can get anything after the income-tax people have had their share.

B. T. (Hastings).—"Although he hadn't seen me for ten years, he hadn't forgotten my face." We'd rather have a memory like that than a face like that.

B. M. (Highgate).—"Heaven forbid that there should be such a thing as a perfect woman!" There is no cause for alarm.

"MASSEUR" (W. 1).—"My weight-reducing system will effect a revolution." And, we presume, will not leave one stone upon another.

A. M. P. (Goole).—"Shall we get gold coinage back again?" If we did, we shouldn't find it a sovereign remedy for all our money troubles.

VERA S. (Streatham).—"My fiancé is always telling me that love should be blind." Mind you don't get an eye-opener from him later on.

B. T. C. (Dewsbury).—"As I have nothing to distrain on, what can they do if I don't pay my taxes?" We're afraid that, in any case, they'll take it out of you in "time."

A. J. D. (Golders Green).—"I have been having quite a fight with our destructive and incompetent laundry." Hope your cuffs and collars haven't come off too badly from the fray.

C. K. (St. Leonards).—"Do you think our Innocent First Parents would have backed horses?" No; it was only after the Fall that they were persuaded to put something on.

A number of replies unavoidably held over.

Weather or No

WHEN the day is sunny
And the sky is blue,
Cheerfulness, it seems,
Dwells next door to you.

When the day is cloudy
And the sky is grey,
Cheerfulness, it seems,
Has flown far away.

The Weather Clerk's a tyrant
And fickle, as you know,
Depend not on his sunshine—
Buy *The Passing Show*.

Never mind the weather!
You can still be bright.
Passing Show will *always*
Fill you with delight!

Full of gems of humour,
Packed with quip and jest,
Of all weekly papers
'Tis easily the best!

You can bear all weathers—
Rain or hail or snow—
When you've got the sunshine
Of *The Passing Show*.

a Special Offer!

FOR those who wish to sample all five brands bearing coupons for Nestlé's Competition, an assortment of the total value of 2/8½d., consisting of a 6d. tin Nestlé's, 4½d. tin "Ideal," 4d. tin Nestlé's "Evaporated," 9½d. tin Nestlé's Cream, and 8½d. tin Nestlé's Café au Lait together with a model in metal of the well-known "World's Cow," will be sent post free on receipt of P.O. for 2/6 and name of your usual grocer.

NESTLÉ'S COMPETITION

(Adjudicated by the British Charities Association)

1st Prize £2,000
2nd Prize £1 000
3rd Prize £500

and 1,500 smaller Cash Prizes amounting in the aggregate to

£8,000

In addition at least **£4,000** *for Charities.*

Details with each tin or sent post free on application to
NESTLÉ'S COMPETITION (Dept. T) LONDON E.C.3.

TESTED JB

Meltis

CHOCOLATE

Every normal child is fond of chocolate. It is a most sustaining food and if you give them MELTIS they will vote it the most delicious chocolate.

ONE OF THE JOYS OF CHILDHOOD

YOUR GAINS BEGIN AT ONCE

STRAIGHT FROM FACTORY TO YOU

No middlemen's profits to pay. You get an All-British made Bicycle, "THE BEST THAT BRITAIN BUILDS," and "GUARANTEED FOR EVER," for a deposit of only 2/6.

If you are not thoroughly satisfied then return the Cycle at our expense, and we will refund your money. Our prices are inclusive, no extras for carriage, etc.

Our specification is unparalleled for value. Our 47 years' reputation is behind every Cycle we manufacture. May we send you full particulars? Just send a postcard now for copies of our beautiful FREE ART COLOURED FOLDERS. State Dept. No D.2, and you will be sure of a speedy reply.

JUNO CYCLE CO.
Dept. D.2.
168 & 248, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C. 3

FROM £4.15 CASH

14 DAYS APPROVAL

PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID

FROM 2/6 WEEKLY

JUNO THE ALL-BRITISH

WRITE TO-DAY for COLOURED ART FOLDER FREE

YOUR OPPORTUNITY!

I have had 25 years' experience; let me help you. You incur no obligation. MY ADVICE IS FREE.

THOUSANDS of men have lost their one great opportunity in life through leaving over until to-morrow that which should have been done immediately. You have to move in the world, you can not stand still, so why not move in the right direction? Why not move now?

We have helped thousands of others to a successful career, we may or may not be able to help you, but in any case it costs nothing to enquire; our advice is Free, and there is a possibility that it may be worth thousands of pounds to you, it may change your whole career, it may help you up in the world socially and financially, it certainly cannot harm you; therefore, you have all to gain and nothing to lose by seeking our advice.

We have booklets setting out the possibility in connection with each of the subjects shown in the lists, send for the one in which you are interested, or ask for our **Private Advice.**

J. H. Bennett — Have you ANY Ambition?

WE TEACH BY POST

The Bennett College specialises in all Exams. in the following subjects, and guarantees tuition *until successful.* No extra fees. All text books free.
EXPERT TUTORS FOR EVERY DEPARTMENT.

MOST MODERATE CHARGES, PAYABLE MONTHLY.

COMMERCIAL

Accountancy
Advert. Writing
Salesmanship
Auditing
Banking
Book-keeping
Commercial Arithmetic
Commercial Law
Company Law
Costing
Economics
English and French
Executorship Law
Foreign Exchange
Modern Business Methods
Secretaryship
Workshop Organisation

TECHNICAL

Architectural Drawing
Building Construction
Clerk of Works' Duties
Boiler Engineering
Boiler Making
Chemistry
Civil Engineering
Concrete and Steel
Draughtsmanship
Electricity
Engineering
Foundry Work
Internal Combustion Engines
Marine Engineering

TECHNICAL—*Con.*

Mathematics
Matriculation
Metallurgy
Mining
Mine Surveying
Motor Engineering
Naval Architecture
Pattern Making
Sanitation
Shipbuilding
Structural Engineering
Surveying and Levelling
Telegraphy and Telephony
Wireless Telegraphy
Works Managers' Course

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET —

to the Bennett College, Dept. 31, Sheffield, naming the subject you are interested in. Please state your age. Parents should seek our advice for their sons. Courses specially combined to meet all requirements. Why stay in the rut?

ENGINEERING DICTIONARY PART 1 FREE

To extend the name of the BENNETT COLLEGE we are publishing an illustrated Encyclopædic Dictionary of Engineering, Civil, Motor, Elect., Mech., etc. You may have part 1 **FREE.** Send for part 1 to-day; you are under **no obligation.**

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ESTABLISHED 1900
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Department 31.

To WIRELESS USERS.

If you want better results use BOWERMAN'S SUPERPHONES. Ask your DEALER or direct P.O. 12/6 from BOWERMAN'S PHONE, 10, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Free DEAF!

Get this Free Gift NOW

"ARTICAIDS" — INVISIBLE FIT RIGHT INSIDE THE EAR— NO BATTERIES.

To all applications received within fourteen days we will present absolutely without charge a pair of "ARTICAIDS," the only invisible appliances for the deaf.

ABSOLUTELY FREE. NO OBLIGATION.

Bear in mind there is no charge whatever. We simply give you a pair of "ARTICAIDS" without question. "ARTICAIDS," the aid which fits right inside the Ear. Small, Light, Washable. No Batteries or renewals required. Don't be too late! This offer is now closing.

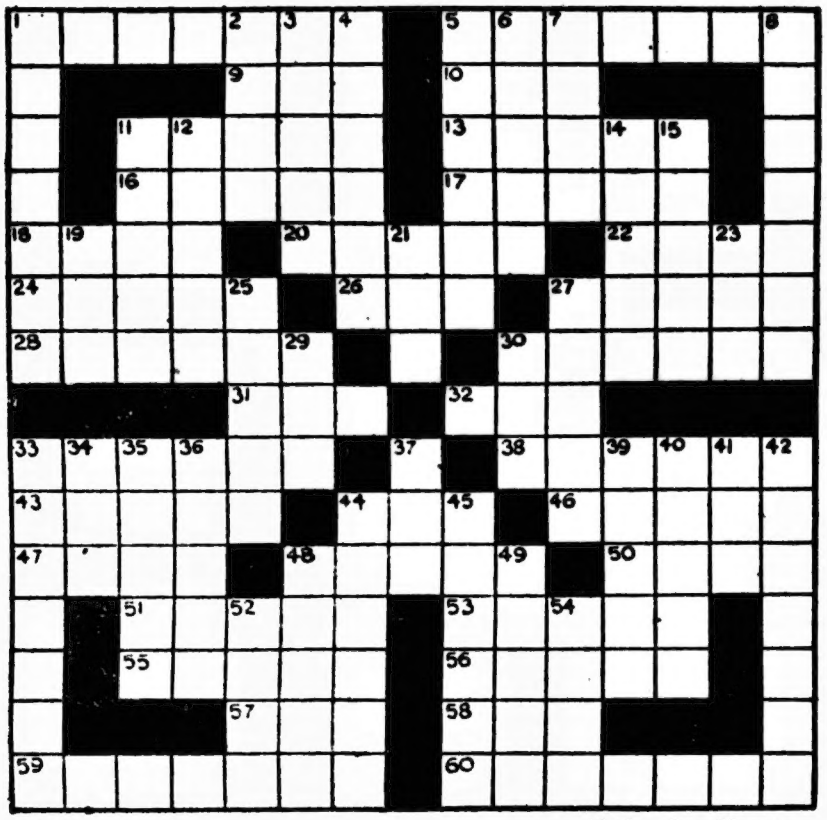
Simply write your name and address and send it with this advertisement and Six Stamps to:
D. & J. HILL, LTD., 548, Danhill House, 267, Gray's Inn Road, King's Cross, London, W.C. 1

Hundreds of Letters of Thanks. Read this:

"I thank you very much for the 'Articaids.' You will be pleased to hear that I can hear quite all right when wearing them, and am very pleased with them."
Yours respectfully,
A. WILSTEAD.

Our Cross-word Corner

A Real Square Deal



Cross-words No. 16 — Closing date May 20.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Another Chance for Busy Brains

ONE THOUSAND prizes will be awarded to the senders of the first thousand correct solutions opened by the Editor. Entries must be received by May 20. To ensure absolute fairness no solutions will be opened until after the closing date.

OUR Cross-word puzzle this week will give you a chance to be busy. It is balanced, basic, beaming, becalming, beneficial, bewitching, blithe, bold, bona-fide, bracing, brainy, breezy, brief, bright, and brilliant. Also, a thousand prizes will be bestowed.

CLUES.

ACROSS

1. Swagger.
5. Cures indigestion
9. Single article.
10. Employ.
11. Pastries.
13. Rank.
16. Placed within.
17. Small ship.
18. Small amphibian.
20. Bobbins.
22. Scottish isle.
24. Decoyed.
26. Stain.
27. Swain.
28. Deleted.
30. Principles
31. At the head.
32. Wooden pin.
33. Outclassed.
38. A race of people.
43. An outcast.
44. Possesses.
46. Scoop.
47. Dash.
48. Account charge.
50. Edge.
51. Poisonous snake.
53. Military headgear.
55. To register.
56. A combine.
57. Reverence.
58. Period.
59. Go down.
60. Recurs.

DOWN.

1. Easily broken.
2. Moorland hills.
3. To go in.
4. Refreshed
5. Shoe ornament.
6. Water surrounded.
7. Resting place.
8. Aeroplane sheds.
11. Head ornament.
12. American mountains.
14. A descendant.
15. Push.
19. Possessive pronoun.
21. Part of the head.
23. Snare.
25. To prevent.
27. Lawful.
29. To put on.
30. Number.
33. Sanctified
34. Fish.
35. Swiftly.
36. Kind of saw.
37. Vehicle.
39. Imposed labour.
40. Imbecile.
41. Aged.
42. Sharp instruments.
44. Restored to health.
45. Female relation.
48. Suffocate by water.
49. Agony.
52. Scottish hillside.
54. Relation.

Fill in the puzzle squares, write your name and address in the space provided, cut out the whole, and post to Cross-words, No. 16, P.O. Box 200, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Cross-words solutions must not be enclosed with "Bullets" coupons.

The solution to Cross-words No. 14 will be found on page 31.

Another Fine Cross-word Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday.

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners.

(*Continued from page 39.*)

Runciman, 64, Broughton St., Edinburgh; R. Sayer, 40, Wellington St., Camden Town, N.W.; P. G. Shell, 20, Highbury Grange, London, N.; Mrs. G. B. Sheldon, Lache Lane, Chester; Mrs. T. Skinner, 11, Mount St., Barrowford, Lancs.; F. Smith, 72, Adelaide Terr., Newcastle; Mrs. F. Spencer-Deeks, Hall St., Long Melford; Miss F. M. Starling, c.o. 10, Trump St., London, E.C.; J. E. Stephenson, 9, Prince Row, Tow Law, Co. Durham; T. W. Taylor, 49, Harrogate St., Sunderland; C. Tomlinson, 30, Penywern Rd., Earl's Court, S.W.; Miss B. E. Tomlinson, 22, Royal Ave., Scarborough; J. Torry, 14, Heathway, Erith, Kent; G. Treadwell, 10, Berkeley Sq., North St., Bedminster, Bristol; F. K. Vernon, 96, Down St., Leicester; L. Wainwright, 6, Clarence St., Runcorn; Mrs. S. Walker, 1, Rydal St., Gateshead-on-Tyne; R. Wallace, Jnr., 28, White St., Partick, Glasgow; Mrs. A. Wardle, 21, Society Pl., Derby; Mrs. F. Watson, 27, Rolt St., Deptford; C. Watts, Lodge Cott., Upper Harbledown, Nr. Canterbury; L. White, 31, Philip Victor Rd., Handsworth, B'ham.; Cpl. H. Whittaker, Lincoln Regt. (Signals), Badajos Bks., Aldershot; R. Williams, Poor Law Institution, Valley, Anglesey; C. Wood, 19, Richmond Pl., West Brompton, S.W.; C. Wright, 43, Ronald St., Glasgow.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 560 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be made on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used, which must be made payable to John Bull and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending in on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

NUVIM

GIVES NEW LIFE

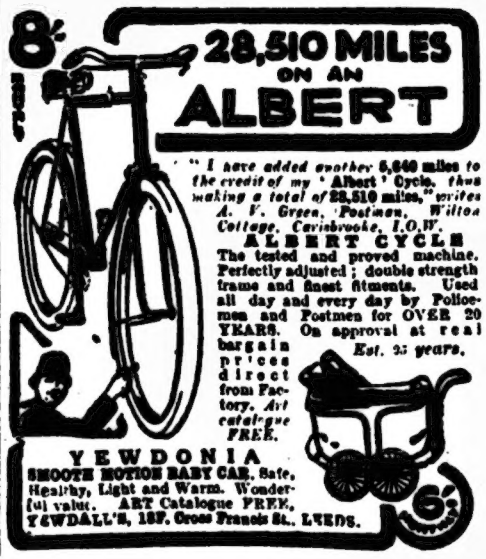
to all Weak, Weary, Neurasthenic, Nervous, Despondent, Ailing men and women, feeding the run-down internal glands which are the source of life and health, and rebuilding the exhausted nervous and physical system. Wonderful scientific discovery, restoring Youth, Energy, Vitality, Mental Power, Nerve Force, without drugs. Thousands of successes. Write for Free Trial. Marygolds. 67, St. Albans.

Get a handsome, easy-running "roomy" Carriage at LOWEST CASH PRICE or on EASY TERMS to suit you.

From 1/3 Weekly

List Free. Write Now.

H. FITZPATRICK, 52, Junction Mill, Burnley



28,510 MILES ON AN ALBERT

"I have added another 6,840 miles to the credit of my 'Albert' Cycle, thus making a total of 28,510 miles," writes A. V. Green, Postman, Wilton Cottage, Carisbrooke, I.O.W.

ALBERT CYCLES

The tested and proved machine. Perfectly adjusted; double strength frame and finest fitments. Used all day and every day by Policemen and Postmen for OVER 20 YEARS. On approval at real bargain prices direct from Factory. Art catalogue FREE.

Est. 25 years.

YEWDONIA

SMOOTH MOTION BABY CAR. Safe, Healthy, Light and Warm. Wonderful value. ART Catalogue FREE. YEWDALL'S, 187, Cross Francis St., LEEDS.

18ct. GOLD CASED, FULL HUNTER LEVER WATCH YOURS for 6D. DEPOSIT.

Every reader of "John Bull" should secure one of these valuable 18-ct. Gold Cased Lever watches today. Now for the first time offered on our unheard of bargain terms.

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION.

Gent's full-sized, stout and handsomely engine-turned 18-ct. GOLD CASED full Hunter Watch (as illustrated) fitted with Highest quality lever movement. Finest springs and materials throughout. All latest improvements (5 gold medals), clear white dial, pen steel hands, bevelled crystal glass. An accurate timekeeper, made to stand hard wear. Fully warranted 5 years.

OUR UNEQUALLED TERMS.

So sure are we that you will be more than satisfied we send this handsome watch post paid upon receipt of 6d. only. After receiving watch, if satisfied, the balance is payable 3/- on receipt and 4/- monthly until only £7/8 is paid. Cash with order, price for balance within seven days, 25/- only. Cash returned willingly if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days. Send 6d. to-day to:

SIMPSON'S (Brighton), Ltd. (Dept. 1333), 94, Queen's Road BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

FREE Handsome Double Pocket-to-Pocket Albert with Seal attached Free with Every Watch.

Neuritis

The testimony of a trained Nurse who has been relieved of great nerve suffering by Cassell's Tablets.

Nurse Blissenden.

Letter from Nurse Blissenden.

Nurse N. Blissenden, of 30, Evington Valley Road, Leicester, writes:—"Two years ago I suffered greatly from neuritis in my arms. The pain at times was almost unbearable. Night after night I could not rest with them. As a trained nurse I naturally tried various remedies, but with no satisfactory result. However I ventured to try Cassell's Tablets, and to my great relief I found improvement. I continued to take them, and do so at the present time. I feel decidedly better in every way. There is nothing to equal them for neuritis. I have recommended them to a great number of my friends, and they also are finding great relief."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME

and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown, Neuritis, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Neurasthenia, Nerve Pains, Headache, Anæmia, Palpitation, Kidney Weakness, Children's Weakness, Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3; Family Size, 3/-
Sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 560.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Miss A. CHADWICK, 55, Wallshaw Street, Oldham.

Example:—My Week's Wages
Bullet:—Misses Tax—Taxes Missus.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. P. J. FITZGERALD, 4, Agar Street, Bury.
Example:—Father's Gardening
Bullet:—What's "Little Willie" Doing?

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. L. COLLINS, 19a, Stour Road, Christchurch.
Example:—If Animals Could Speak
Bullet:—Fido's Mistress Asked Medium.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. S. RICHMOND, 6, Dagmar Terrace, Dorchester.
Example:—My Week's Wages
Bullet:—Invested In "Matrimonial Bonds."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. E. T. MILLER, 94, King Street, Southsea.
Example:—Brave Man
Bullet:—Holds Fort, Not Forth.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

P. Baker, 89, South Park Rd., Wimbledon, S.W.
Only Natural—Next Fashionable Pets, Silkworms.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. S. Benson, 39, Bescot Rd., Walsall.
How The Rich Live—Defies Clock—and Calendar.

F. Byers, 9, Tennant St., Stockton-on-Tees.
Father's Gardening—No Wonder Nature Smiles.

Mrs. E. Davies, 3, Palatine Ave., Lancaster.
Only Child—Becoming Rule—And Ruler.

M. C. Duncan, 131, Strathmore Cres., Newcastle.
Nearing The End—Forgives Everyone—Except Himself.

Miss M. Hitchcock, 118, St. Stephen's Ave., London, W.
Not To Be Trusted—War Theatre's "Safety Curtain."

Miss E. Sedgbeer, 44, Court Rd., Cardiff.
My Week's Wages—Forbids "Eat More *Anything*."

A. W. Tilley, 34, Emscote Rd., Stoke, Coventry.
Nasty Look—Pass By, Not On.

P. E. Turner, 78, Messina Ave., Kilburn, N.W.
Regular Customer—No Advertisement For Doctor.

S. Williams, 5, Union St., Seaham Harbour.
What The Farmer Said—"Record Crops Impoverish Soil."

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

N. Bardsley, 121, Mitchell St., Newton Heath, Manchester.
Not On The Menu—Nor Staff, "English."

J. Boundy, 19, Graig Road, Gwaun-Cae-Gurwen, Glam.
What The Farmer Said—"Lovely View"—Admiring Hoardings.

A. A. Kelsey, 1, Belmont Rd., Faversham, Kent.
Love's Highway—Pink Ribbons, "Starter's Tapes."

R. J. Lucas, 103, Groundwell Rd., Swindon.
Dirty Linen—Not Silk, Needs Taxing.

Miss G. M. Marmon, 16, Fellery St., Chorley.
What The Farmer Said—"Picnics? They Pick Everything!"

T. J. Maxwell, 2, High St., Lochmaben, N.B.
Brave Man—Or Corpse—Often Alternatives.

G. Midgley, 53, Bedford St., Moss Side, Manchester.
Only Child—At Feeding Self, Britain.

J. Rothwell, 574, Ashton New Rd., Manchester.
Her Argument—Consists Of Insistent Inconsistencies.

G. Taylor, 37, Pixmore Avenue, Letchworth.
My Week's Wages—Buys Odds—And Ends!

B. F. Ward, 81, Dyers Hall Rd., Leytonstone, E.
Worth Filming—Zeebrugge Heroes Capturing *Dole*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

100 Prize-winners of £1:

W. D. Aitken, 11, Stanley Rd., Saltcoats; J. Albert, 29, Hafod St., Port Talbot; H. Appleby, 4, Queen's Terr., Edgware; F. V. Archer, 58, Pratt St., Camden Town, N.W.; Mrs. J. Bailey, 376, Rochdale Rd., Britannia, Nr. Bacup; L. Barlow, 140, Higher Green, Astley, Nr. M/c.; F. Bickley, 52, Blakenall Lane, Leamore, Walsall; W. S. Bird, 13, Henrietta Rd., Bath; A. Blogg, 37, Alverthorpe St., South Shields; S. Bower, 3, Amy St., Bingley; E. H. Broad, Talybont, Breconshire; H. Brooke, 8, Station Rd., Clayton, Bradford; W. Brookfield, 214, Frodingham Rd., Scunthorpe; W. Bullock, 63, Cromwell Rd., Forest Gate, E.; Butler Bros., 40, Flower Market, Covent Garden, W.C.; J. Carradice, 37, Knowsley St., Bradford; L. Casey, 24, Wilson St., Worcester; J. C. Chesterman, 40, Queen St., Oxford; A. Chorley, 312, Osmaston Park Rd., Derby; F. Clark, 166, Balvernie Grove, Southfields, S.W.; G. Clark, Ladbroke, Nr. Rugby; Miss L. Close, Mount Hill, Hanham, Bristol; W. H. Cole, 19, Awlfield Ave., Tottenham, N.; E. Collins, 88, Henley Rd., Ilford; T. Cook, 17, Laurie Ave., Nottingham; Miss M. Crothers, 4, Royal Terr., Belfast; P. Cruttenden, Moor View, Westfield, Nr. Battle; Mrs. M. Crystal, 3a, Birley St., Blackpool; T. Curtis, 6, Sth. View, Mount Pleasant, Merthyr Vale; W. M. Duune (staff), Post Office, Lombard St., E.C.; A. W. Ellis, The Cinema, Sidmouth; T. Evans, 51, Brook St., Gloucester; S. Fenwick, 133, Edith St., "The Lawe," Sth. Shields; P. Fordham, 274,

(*Continued in next column.*)

High Rd., Willesden Green, N.W.; W. H. Foster, 8, Oaks Rd., Brockholes, Huddersfield; L. C. Garrard, 202, Alfreton Rd., Radford; G. C. Gilchrist, 379, Long Lane, E. Finchley, N.; Mrs. L. Glover, 16, Love Lane, Stockwell, S.W.; P. Groom, 46, Brunswick St., Leamington Spa; A. Hagley, 1, Watery Lane, Chapel St., Tiverton; Miss H. Hall, 25, Waverley Rd., Plumstead, S.E.; S. Hastings, 21, Eleanor Rd., Stratford, E.; Mrs. A. Hawes, "Hollway," Desborough; E. F. Hedley, 18, Woodstock Gdns., Goodmayes, Essex; G. J. Hill, Chantry Bungalow, Chilton, Sudbury, Suffolk; A. Hotchkiss, 44, Hurworth St., West Hartlepool; Miss D. Huby, 22, Hope St., Wakefield; J. P. Hudson, 122, Old Oak Rd., Acton, W.; J. Hughes, Friars Hill, Guestling, Sussex; Mrs. C. T. Hunt, "The Nook," Rowde, Nr. Devizes; J. Johnstone, 41, Britannia Ave., Webster Rd., L'pool; E. J. Joynes, 202, Oxford Gdns., Stafford; J. Kershaw, 94, Boaler St., L'pool; L. G. King, 117, Lincoln Rd., Enfield; Miss E. Kirkman, 74, Westby St., Lytham, Lancs.; B. Law, 65, Medlock Rd., Horbury, Nr. Wakefield; C. J. Lawrie, 70, Marchmont Cres., Edinburgh; B. Lawson, Cornhill Lodge, Cornhill Rd., Aberdeen; J. Leslie, Westholme, Old Chester Rd., Bromborough, Ches.; F. Lipscombe, 31, Gertrude St., Chelsea, S.W.; P. McMillan, Morton, Tinmouth, Darlington; C. McParland, 57, Lincoln Rd., Belfast; P. Moatt, 36, Fulham Palace Rd., Hammersmith, W.; Miss C. Mosson, 66, Freeman St., Grimsby; W. Mulholland, 84, West St., Portadown, Co. Armagh; W. J. Murray, 4, North Down Cres., Plymouth; C. Norton, The Gables, Fleet, Hants.; B. M. Pearce, 18, Oxford St., Gorton, M/c.; H. Pearce, Schoolkeeper's House, Midway Pl., Rotherhithe, S.E.; W. H. Pearce, 28, Suffolk Rd., Ipswich; Miss D. C. Perry, 3, Potter's Parade, Newport, Mon.; Mrs. E. Prosser, 60, Thornton Rd., Bootle; Miss P. Rawson, 347, Ightenhill Terr., Burnley; A. Richards, 3, Addington St., Margate; R. M.

(*Continued on page 38.*)

A "Double-First" Again!

BULLETS ONE-WEEK CONTEST

2nd. Prize £100

3rd. Prize £50

£500

4th. Prize £25

5th. Prize £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2-10

100 PRIZES OF £1

200 Prizes of 5/- 500 Prizes of 2/6 5000 Target Prizes

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 562.

SILK STOCKINGS
HINDENBURG'S LINE
FAMILY BUDGET
OVER THE WALL
IN COMFORT
HAPPY MARRIAGE
KEEPS FATHER BUSY
WON'T STOP
PULLED TO PIECES
FAIR PLAY
UNTIL WIRELESS CAME
SELDOM ADMITTED
HIS FIRST THOUGHT
BEST ARGUMENT
FACT OR FICTION
GOOD INVESTMENT
FRIENDSHIP
SAVES TIME
IN THE CLOUDS
HER PET
EXTRAVAGANT
THE LIMIT
WHAT THE LIAR SAID
CLOSED
SOCIETY BABY
LAUGHED AT
WHY HE COLLAPSED
LOSING SIDE
AFTER FORTY
THE OTHER FELLOW
WITH LOVE
WHAT IS A BOOKIE?

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three,** or **Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—In Court — *Bullet*:—Society "Sinks A Lot."
Example:—Up His Sleeve — *Bullet*:—Amateur Conjuror Forgot Which.
Example:—By Instalments — *Bullet*:—Better Putting Instalments By.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 562, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 21.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(562) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 21.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(562) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 21.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(562) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 21.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(562) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 563.

BRITISH GOODS—ARTIFICIAL—FIRM FAVOURITE—PROFITABLE—AFTER HER MONEY—EMPLOYER'S SON—WHAT THE VILLAIN SAID—LITTLE HELP—PROVED A MISTAKE—NO JUDGE—FINDING HER—AT ANY PRICE—PET LAMB—AT THE LAUNDRY—SELDOM OBEYED—TIME OF HIS LIFE—MODERN MUSIC—MAKES ME SIT UP—PASSING BY—WHAT IS A TAX?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, MAY 28.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **563** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **563,** John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. **562.**

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 562 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 559 can now be seen in the window of Mr. SHIERS, High Street, Grayford.

Your unseen health eye

Mother—the health doctor

Mothers know dirt for what it is—and fear it.

They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.

OUR bodies were meant to be healthy, but we never understand what health means until disease robs us of it. A healthy body fights disease, but the danger of infection is always present. There comes a time when resistance weakens—when the children are "off colour," or you yourself get run down. Then the germs strike.

Science has given us an every-day protection—thorough cleanliness with Lifebuoy Soap. A well-known health authority has said that if everyone cleansed the hands thoroughly two or three times a day, the danger of epidemics would be considerably lessened.

You can't see germs

No one can see the germs of disease with the naked eye. Yet you touch things every day covered with them; you meet and talk with people every day who are very likely carrying the germ of some infectious disease. You can't see the microbes, but the deep and penetrating health element in Lifebuoy Soap is your health eye.

This Lifebuoy health element goes deep down in the pores of the skin, ridding them of all impurities. It is the everyday defence against disease and dirt.

A clear duty

You owe it to yourself and all with whom you come in daily contact to protect yourself from disease. Mothers, the family health doctors, know all this.

In the bathroom, at every wash-basin, they set a tablet of Lifebuoy, to be used regularly by everybody—old and young. Their home cleaning is done with Lifebuoy, too. Get the Lifebuoy health habit. Buy Lifebuoy in the *new pack*, two large cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

• Buy Lifebuoy in the new pack, two large cakes in a carton, 6d

Lifebuoy Soap for HEALTH

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